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MY FIRST SNAKE

BY MAX O'RELL

(With Illustrations by W.A. Rogers)



made me a present of a superb walking-stick. This walking-stick was a combination of strength and elegance. It was handsome enough to figure at a church parade in Hyde Park and strong enough to

fell an ox with. In my peregrinations through the bush of Australia this stick was always with me. It was a stout support and a weapon of defense in case of need. If ever a snake had confronted me I leave you to guess the reception he would have got. Talk about mince meat!

I have a perfect horror of snakes—those pests of central Australia—and so, as soon as I had arrived in the country, I made every inquiry as to the best methods of protecting one's self against the reptiles.

"Cover your legs with leather gaiters," I was told, "and then, with a good stick in your hand, you need have no fear."

Thereupon, I was enlightened as to the infallible manner of slaying the enemy:

"Avoid placing yourself behind or in front of your snake—behind especially—but take it side on, grip your stick hard and bring it down on its back with all your might: Bang!—there you are; you have broken its slippery spinal column, and your snake is soon as dead as a door nail."

Over and over again people said to me: "Surely you will not return to Europe without being able to say to your compatriots: 'I killed a serpent in Australia, and this is how it was done!'" Every Frenchman who has traveled in far countries is supposed to be more or less tinged with *tarfarnade*.

All that is very well; but I am a prudent man, and I said to myself: "Instead of a Frenchman telling his fellow-countrymen how to kill a snake, it might just as likely end in a snake telling its friends and family how to polish off a Frenchman."

However, when I was in the bush, wandering about armed with that new stout walking-stick, I went through the rôle that I might be called upon to enact at any moment, and I killed them by hundreds—the snakes that were not there. Not one escaped. Just a tremendous whack, and the thing was done exactly as my friends had told me: "Bang!—there you are."



"I killed them by hundreds—the snakes that were not there"

In the case of two enemies, the one who is first discovered by the other is half beaten. And so the snake I feared especially was the one hidden in the grass or the dead wood with which the bush is strewn and which, being walked upon, has a way of entering an energetic protest in the form of a bite on your calf before you have time to know where you are.

But the snake that I dreaded most of all was the one which insinuates itself at evening into people's houses, glides into a bedroom and quietly curls up in the bed.

A snake will never attack you unless you tread on it, or put yourself in the path to its hole, and if ever you find one in your bed do not disturb it and it will not disturb you. This is the kind of thing I was told by every one who had had any sort of acquaintance with snakes; but in spite of all that, I remained convinced that if ever I, a full-grown man, found a snake in my bed I should scream like any schoolgirl.

I arrived one evening in a town situated

searched my room in every part; in the corners, under the furniture, under the bed and in the bed. I carefully prodded with that good stick of mine the bed-coverings and the pillows.

No snakes anywhere. Quite reassured I closed the window, undressed, put out the light and got into bed.

The heat was stifling.

Presently some mosquitoes began to buzz around my head, irritating the battle cry that heralds a combat without quarter. There were curtains, but with holes in them; worse than none. It is generally so in Australian hotels. The consequence is that when the beast is inside he cannot get out. A duel à mort. You or he must die. That buzz of the mosquitoes is as irritating as the whizzing of bullets on the battlefield, but with this difference, however, that the ball which has just gone singing past you is gone forever, while the buzz of the mosquito announces to you that the battle is about to begin.

As a protection for my head, and at the risk of suffocation, I drew the sheet over my face, and then, bathed in perspiration, I tried to forget in sleep real mosquitoes and imaginary snakes.

A snake, just fancy! A cold perspiration broke out all over me. What was to be done?



"I carefully prodded with that good stick of mine"

Get up and fly? Yes, no doubt; but what if I woke it up and it nailed me to the door? To lie still and wait for daylight appeared to be the wisest thing to do after all. Yes, much the wisest. But, alas, it could scarcely be midnight yet and never, never should I be able to endure that living nightmare for seven mortal hours.

The snake moved not a muscle, neither did I. What seemed strange to me was that this snake slept stretched out straight, instead of being curled up as his species generally are in repose. By means of an imperceptible movement of my knees I came to the conclusion that it must be about three feet long. This is the length of the terrible death adder. It made my poor brain reel to think that the horrid brute was there ready to give me my death when it should wake up.

Another plan suggested itself: roll the quilt very softly and, wrapping it over the creature, strangle it. Yes, yes, but the room was in dense darkness, and I should be running a great risk. It might wriggle deftly from my grasp and dart its poisoned fangs into my arm.

Haunted by visions of Lancelotti, father and family, dripping with perspiration, the darkness multiplied my sufferings and made the situation seem terrible.

Then I had a few calm moments—thanks to the idea that death caused by a snake bite is painless. You go to sleep and do not wake any more, that's all. I thought of Cleopatra. Heigho! far better die like that than of gout or rheumatism.

Stop a moment though! I had rather not die of that or of anything else to-night. To die a painless death is dying all the same, and I feel so grateful to be alive!

I was going crazy, and I felt that a light was the only thing that could bring back my wits. I would have no more suspense. I would strike a match and have the enemy face to face, or rather on the side, as people had all recommended.

The snake was there at my side, still immobile, soundly asleep, never dreaming that a man nearly six feet, strong, healthy, and in the prime of life, was trembling at the side of it.

I put out my right arm and reached the match-box that stood on a table by the bed, and after frantic precautions I succeeded in lighting the candle. The light appalled me at first. The snake would certainly wake up and the duel would begin.

The snake moved not.

I grew emboldened and went so far as to uncover half my head and steal a glance down the bed. There it was, sure enough, motionless still, and still as straight as a line. I took courage, and after ten minutes spent in imperceptible efforts, I arrived at the edge of the bed at last and stealthily vacated it. I was going to look for my trusty walking-stick, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. I looked on the mantelpiece, on the chest of drawers, in every corner of the room. Where on earth could that stick be?

I turned toward the bed again.

I took up the light, and feeling now once more in full possession of my faculties, drew near and looked at the snake.

Well, well! Is it possible for a man to be such a fool!



"I grew emboldened and went so far as to uncover half my head"

in the interior of New South Wales. The season was what the inhabitants of those parts called winter: 105 degrees of heat at midday and 90 at nine in the evening—regular snake weather. Not a leaf stirred; one could scarcely breathe in the leaden atmosphere. The little town was right in the bush. Behind the hotel where I had alighted ran a small river that furnished the establishment with mosquitoes of an energy and voracity beyond competition. The cookery in that hotel was atrocious.

Like poor dead Polonius, we, the guests, were at a feast, not where we ate, but where we were eaten. Before retiring to rest on the first night I had a chat with the landlord, who informed me that the district was infested with snakes. The close vicinity of the bush and of the river, added to the intense heat, naturally rendered the town a likely resort for snakes. That very afternoon my host had killed one measuring eight feet in one of his flower beds. "And," he said, "the plague of it is that the brutes are constantly getting into the house and hiding in the bedrooms."

For an hour we talked snakes. It was enough to fill my dreams with the most horrid, tortuous nightmares. When I left him for the night I was careful to bear in mind his last words: "I always recommend travelers to look well into the corners of their rooms and to close their windows before retiring."

You may imagine whether I

I believe I slept for a few minutes. The heat was such that I felt as if I were burning and panting in a boiling water bath. It was impossible to endure it longer, so I resolved to give my hands and arms over to the mosquitoes. Keeping the sheet over my face, I put my arms outside and laid my hands on the quilt.

No, really, I am not more of a coward than you, gallant reader, but then and there my blood froze in my veins. I had laid my hand down on a snake that was stretched out beside me on the bed! I had almost grasped it indeed. Yes, a snake, a real, long, round snake, cold and immobile as death.

Snakes are heavy sleepers, and this slept profoundly. It was perfectly still. Gently I drew my hand in under the sheet again.

I repeat, I am no more of a coward than you; neither am I more brave. But if I found myself face to face with a lion and I had a good gun in hand, I am perfectly convinced that I would have the necessary *sang froid* to send him a well-directed bullet before giving him the time to help himself to a slice of my anatomy. But a snake in the blackness of night there beside me, and I lying unarmed, defenseless.

I have always had a horror of all crawling things. If I had been the first man the human race would have been spared a great deal, for I never could have eaten an apple in the company of a serpent, even if it had been shared by the loveliest woman in the world. I would rather meet a ravening wolf at the corner of a wood than know that there was hiding in my bedroom even an inoffensive black beetle. A lizard would make me take to my heels.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN PURITAN DAYS

By Alice Morse Earle



WHEN young New Englanders in the early days of the Colony wished to enter the state of matrimony they did not find it any too easy work. In the first place, no young man could "make a motion of marriage" to any young woman whose two feet, or delf fingers, or sweet disposition had attracted his fancy or his affections, without first obtaining the consent of the father or guardian to thus address her. He was liable to arrest, fine or imprisonment if he spoke to her first and then "involved her affections." Many a for that natural offense in early days, and I doubt not many another shyly invented, unpunished and undiscovered, in order to find out, from her own lips, the state of affection borne toward him by the one he loved. It must have been somewhat of a damper on love-making to have to make such a formal beginning, but there was no lack of marriages. Indeed, single persons were much scorned in the Puritan community. "Ancient maids" were few and much to be pitied. Bachelors were looked upon with open disfavor, were not allowed to live alone, and sometimes had to pay a weekly fine to the town as long as they remained single. With all these penalties it was plain that all would seek to marry early in life.

IN the first days of the Colonies a marriage "contraction" or betrothal sometimes took place—so states Cotton Mather. This useless custom was abandoned after a few years of life in the New World, as it was not deemed productive of high moral results. In a new land, with rude manners of living, many rough courtships are recorded, and some rude methods of wooing, some of which have been for years a standing taunt against New England morality in Colonial days.

A more formal method of courtship is suggested by what is termed a "courtship stick." One is preserved in Long Meadow, Massachusetts. It is a slender, hollow tube eight feet in length, through which lovers, in the presence of an assembled family, could whisper tender nothings to each other. Judging from the pages of Judge Samuel Sewall's diary (which he kept during the closing years of the seventeenth and well into the eighteenth century), of the length of time elapsing between a proposal or agreement of marriage and its consummation, it is evident that short engagements were the prevailing mode, and that wedding arrangements were begun as soon as the engagement was announced.

The stock of linen, quilts and blankets had sometimes been spun, woven and sewed by the bride long before any lover appeared. She had often been collecting for years articles suited to the furnishing of her future home. Sometimes these preparations were begun in childhood—but other families had a superstition that work done so long before hand would never be needed. Often quiltings were held to furnish the bride with abundant supply of warm quilts for New England winters. "Job's trouble," "rising sun," "dove in the window," "Irish chain," "star and swallow," and other elaborate designs were pieced and quilted. It was thought that the girl helper who set the last stitch would be the next one married. And if any one chanced to drop spool, scissors or thimble, she must pick it up without looking under the quilt, else she would never be married.

I find no indication of the use of betrothal rings, though Judith Sewall's lover sent her, after her acceptance of his offer, a "stone ring, with a fan and a noble letter." Neither were wedding rings in common use. They were deemed by the Puritans a Popish luxury—the "Devil's circle."

When a young man began a persistent course of Sunday-evening visiting to a young woman, he was supposed to "mean something," and he usually did. But generally the engagement of marriage was not made public till it was published or "cried" in meeting. It was everywhere the law throughout New England that "intentions of marriage," giving the names of both parties, should be posted by the town clerk in the meeting-house, on the door or in the entry, for "three successive Sundays or public days." Usually this publication directly preceded the marriage, yet it "held good" for a year. It must have been somewhat embarrassing to walk into meeting facing one's own "publishing," posted up in the town clerk's best "large hand," the "observed of all observers." But I think to be "cried in meeting" must have been worse. This custom of public vocal announcement by minister, deacon or clerk obtained in Concord, Massachusetts, till 1837; indeed, intentions of marriage have been cried in the church on Mount Desert within a year.

THERE was one exception for some years to this universal law of publishing. The government of New Hampshire, previous to the Revolution, as a means of increasing its income, issued marriage licenses at the price of two guineas each. Sometimes easy-going parsons kept a stock of these licenses on hand, ready for issue, at a slightly advanced price, to eloping couples. Such a marriage, without proper public publishing in meeting, was not, however, deemed at all reputable. It was known as a "Flagg marriage," from one Parson Flagg, whose house was a sort of Yankee Green.

Wedding gloves were sent by the bride couple as gifts to friends, as were mourning gloves at funerals. Judge Sewall records many gifts of gloves from newly-married friends. I have seen old wedding gloves, gold-laced and fringed, with rich gauntlets—far from an inexpensive gift. I do not learn that it was customary to give presents to the bride, though Judge Sewall tells of his presentation of a palm-leaf book at a wedding, and at a later date a long shawl or "peel" and a pair of tongs was a universal bridal gift. Brides-cake was made in early days, and was always served with cheese at a wedding, and given to friends. A rich wedding feast was frequently given, and the bride was kissed by all present, especially at Quaker weddings, though I must state that in some parts of New England bride kissing was strongly discountenanced. So, also, was dancing at weddings, as "abuses and disorders" arose, especially at taverns, where weddings often took place, since the inns contained the only large room to be found in the town. This was specially in early days, when marriage was held to be merely a civil contract, and was performed by magistrates, or by any other man of dignity in the community, and not by a clergyman.

IN a community that opened every function—a training, bride-planning, christening, house-raising, or journeying, with prayer and psalm-singing, it was plain that at that most important of gatherings—a wedding—a religious ceremony would not long be withheld, and by the end of the seventeenth century the ministers solemnized weddings.

As a rule the wedding took place at the home of the bride. On the following day the bride party were often entertained at the house of the parents of the groom or some near relative of his. This was called the "second-day wedding" in Maine.

A marriage in church was rare. Occasionally one took place in the new home of the young couple. This was held to be somewhat unlucky. Thanksgiving Day was a favorite time to choose to be married, as friends were then gathered from afar. The bride was universally advised to wear

"Something old, something new,
Something borrowed, something blue."

and though she could dress before a mirror, she must not look in the glass when once her toilette was completed, else ill-luck in vaguely-defined, but positive form, were the result. Sunday was really the exhibition day for the bride; indeed, she found at meeting the sole place in which she could appear before an assembled public, and for this exhibition the happy pair donned their finest bridal attire. The bride and groom and bridal party opened the show by proudly walking in a little procession, through the narrow streets, to the meeting-house on the Sabbath following the marriage, observed of all their fellow townsmen and townswomen, and as they entered the church. On the Sabbath following the wedding the bride and groom, dressed in their richest garments, occupied a prominent seat in the gallery of the meeting-house, and in the middle of the sermon they rose and slowly turned around several times to display fully and unblushingly on every side their wedding finery. In Larned's "History of Windham County, Connecticut," we read a description of such an amusing scene in Brooklyn, Connecticut. Further public notice to the bride by allowing her to choose the text for the sermon preached on the first Sunday of the coming-out of the newly-married couple. Much ingenuity was exercised in finding appropriate and sometimes startling Bible texts for these wedding sermons. The instances are well known of the marriage of Parson Smith's two daughters, one of whom selected the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part"; while the daughter Abby, who married John Adams, decided upon the text, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil." Abby's curious choice has given rise to an incorrect notion that her marriage with John Adams was distasteful to her father and her family. Mr. Charles Francis Adams tells me that this supposition is entirely unfounded, and that old President Adams would fairly rise in his grave to denounce any such slander about him, should it become current.

A HALF-SAVAGE custom prevailed in many New England towns. A group of these young men who had not been invited to the wedding would invade the house when the marriage ceremony had been performed, and drag away the bride to an inn or some other house, when the groom and his party would follow and rescue her by paying a forfeit of a dinner to the bride-stealers. In Western Massachusetts this custom lingered until Revolutionary times. In Judd's "History of Hadley" the names of stolen brides are given. Mrs. Job Marsh, married in 1783, is said to have been the last bride thus stolen. A very rough variation of this custom is reported to be still in vogue in some localities in Rhode Island. Madame Sarah Knights, in her journal of a horseback ride from Boston to New York in 1794, tells of a ridiculous alteration of this marriage custom which she saw in Connecticut—to steal the bride-groom.

Many other curious fashions prevailed in different localities. In some towns the young men rode or ran to the bride's house for a bottle of rum. In others the bees were told of the wedding and given bride-cake. In still others the unmarried girls scrambled for the bride's garter, to see who would be married next.

MY FIRST DINNER PARTY

By MRS. VAN KOERT SCHUYLER

MRS. BRUCE POMEROY is famous for her little dinners. She has the happy knack of bringing congenial people together, and apparently unconscious of responsibility she entertains her friends as though she were herself a guest.

Each time that George and I have accepted her hospitality I have grown more and more apprehensive of the moment when we, in our turn, could no longer defer the payment of our social debts, and must ask of Mrs. Bruce Pomeroy to dinner!

Before coming to New York, eighteen months ago, as a bride, I had lived in a small town, where ours was the "leading family," and with Sewancent as a background I had found favor with city-bred George Danvers, but among his New York friends my one fear was that he think me "provincial."

I was very kindly received by many charming people, dined and fêted, and enjoyed it all, until, with a sinking at the heart, I recognized the fact that not the shred of an excuse remained for deferring reciprocal attentions.

Our tiny "apartment," our inefficient waitress, even the new cook, could not be made a plea for our apparent lack of hospitality. George and I discussed the subject of guests and viands ad nauseam. Whenever anything was well cooked we rejoiced and took heart, and over every culinary failure we mourned as though all our friends had been present to share it.

I bought a book on the subject, and found such sorry consolation as: "It is a great intellectual feat to achieve a perfect little dinner with a small household and small means. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare and taste to direct. It cannot be done superficially, and if well done it takes time, experience and care."

I discarded the book for fear of getting discouraged, and for a week thought and dreamed of little beside "menus." I drilled Mary Ann, the waitress, until the very chairs seemed to assume the personality of our expected guests.

At length the invitations were sent. I had burned my bridges behind me!

I was divided between hope and fear until the answers came. All six guests accepted: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Thorne—people of wealth and of boundless hospitality; Miss Chandler, a former admirer of George's, before whom I was particularly anxious to shine, and Mr. Frank Betts, a noted society man and a reputed wit.

On the morning of the fateful day I rushed to the window upon rising, to discover that it was raining. I felt personally responsible for the abominable conduct of the weather, since mine had been the selection of the day, and I wondered if my guests did not regret their acceptance.

When evening came I was busy until the last moment, putting the finishing touches to the table, rushing into the kitchen for last admonitions to the cook, and had only succeeded in finishing a hurried toilette when the clock struck seven, and I took my place in our little drawing-room to await our guests.

"You look as though dressed by a tornado, my dear," exclaimed George, who had coolly "pinked" at his ease.

"I wish that it might be followed by an earthquake," I replied, "for if the floor would obligingly open I should go down with a sigh of blissful relief."

The door bell rang, the supreme moment had arrived, and my heart beat so that I could hear it. Several long seconds passed, but at length Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy entered the room, and I hastened to apologize for the weather, and was on the point of making excuses for having invited them at all when Mrs. Thorne nanctantly announced herself and husband.

"Good-evening, my dear," you know that I am so nervous about elevation that we walked up, and thinking that you were on the floor below we quite insisted upon being admitted at one of your neighbor's. I trust that we are not late.

Again I was about to apologize for lying on the fifth floor, but checked myself, lest my apologetic attitude become habitual, and I then presented our friends to one another. We had been moved to their selection by no sense of their possible congeniality. Our reasons were simple and sordid.

Miss Chandler was the next arrival, looking cool, composed and graceful, and twenty minutes later Mr. Betts made his appearance, smilingly unconscious of having kept five hungry people waiting, and probably spoiling both the dinner and the temper of the cook.

By this time all my carefully-paired couples had become hopelessly mixed.

As I was about to detach George from Miss Chandler's side, and recall him to his obligations to Mrs. Pomeroy, the familiar sound of the dinner bell smote our ears!

I had forgotten to instruct Mary Ann to announce dinner in person, for, as George was often late in dressing, and the nursery held the strongest possible attraction for me, a bell had been our usual summons.

Upon entering the dining-room I had the satisfaction of knowing that the table was a picture, with its rose-shaded lights, its flowers, silver and dainty china. All my fears were allayed for the time, as we took our seats and were served with the oysters.

My comfort was short-lived, however. Mary Ann lost her presence of mind. She put the plates down before each one as she did for Fido, and with all this ceremony, she felt bound by no conventionality requiring her to pass things at the left of the person served, and I chattered wildly to distract the attention of the company.

All of a sudden there proceeded from the kitchen a sound, as if something overturned, followed by a strong odor of burnt soup. Mary Ann went to investigate, and returning, announced, with a smile, to the entire company that the cook had upset the soup by an accident and was "burnt dreadful."

Common humanity required that I should go to her, but, to my relief, I found that, like most bearers of bad news, Mary Ann had magnified the misfortune of the cook, but my guests went sleepless.

The fish was half cold, but with the fillet the climax of my discomfort was reached.

As Mary Ann was serving Mrs. Pomeroy she lurched toward her with the heavy dish, sending a little stream of gravy over the cloth at her side.

George rose to his feet and ordered the girl from the room, whereupon he explained that she was evidently intoxicated—that he had noticed her uncertain movements ever since we entered the room.

He suggested that I should go for Mrs. the nurse, and ask her to come to our assistance, as the baby was sleeping quietly.

Jane returned with me, dazed and half asleep, after sitting in a darkened room with the child for an hour or more, but she did her best until we had finished the fillet, when a roar from the nursery announced that Baby George had discovered that he had been imposed upon and resented it. Jane fled incontinently to her darling, and George, laughing nervously, suggested that I should "get the cook to come and help us through." I found that person sitting in the kitchen rocker, which I had charitably provided for her leisure moments, violently yawning to and fro.

She greeted me with a sardonic smile, and I found that she, too, must be suffering from the same trouble as Mary Ann, and I was afraid to speak to her. Returning to the dining-room, my explanation was received with shouts of laughter.

Certainly my dinner party could not be accused of stiffness. In desperation I rushed to the nursery, and seizing George, Jr., in my arms, told Jane to follow. The vision of the rosy cherub in his nightdress was a novel attraction at a dinner party, and he behaved like a six-months-old angel.

Jane served the remainder of the meal as though it had been a nursery dinner. I think it would have set her quite at her ease had we allowed her to cut up our food and tie our napkins about our necks, but things had reached a point where only the ludicrous side of the subject was uppermost, and never was there a merrier party.

Our guests withdrew early, but all said the kindest things possible. The women kissed me good-by as though we had been friends for years, and the men wrung George's hand and mine, declaring that they had not had such a laugh for years, and, but for my discomfort, had thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The next day I was confined to my room by an attack of neuralgia, and George undertook the pleasant duty of dismissing our hand maids, who explained that:

"The mistress had them that rattled with all her explanations and directions and fustifications that they took a wee drop just to stiffen their courage like."

The career of a society woman has no charms for me. I am satisfied to live for George and the baby.



A WHISTLING GIRL

BY JULIA BOND VALENTINE

(With Illustrations by Irving R. Wiley.)

It was a pity the Tarleton girls were all so near of an age," everybody said, "four of them counting Dolly," though, to be sure, nobody ever did count Dolly. The other three were all "out" and, of course, were asked everywhere together, while Dolly, who was only just out of short frocks, spent most of her time in the country where nobody saw her.

"She should by right be 'out,' too," sighed her mother in confidence to her especial friend, Mrs. Gardiner. "It is Virginia's fourth winter, and not one of the girls really provided for." And Mrs. Gardiner acknowledged that it was the part of wisdom to keep Dolly back as long as possible.

"It is lucky the child herself does not care," said Dolly's mother. "She doesn't want any things that other girls are wild about. She seems as well contented in the country at her grandfather's, driving or walking, and running wild generally. She's the only one of my children," went on Mrs. Tarleton, "who is really fond of books, but the others are all pretty—nobody can deny that." And Mrs. Gardiner made no attempt to deny it.

"Dolly is a clever little soul," she said.

"Yes," sighed Dolly's mother. "It's astonishing how fond she is of books, but it's always so; there's generally some compensation for lack of beauty—but I do wish that she could have taken after my family instead of the Tarletons."

As Mrs. Gardiner drove home she thought "what a pity that affair of Virginia Tarleton's ended so badly, as it couldn't help spoiling the others' prospects."

For Virginia had become engaged during a visit at Newport to a most eligible foreigner it was thought, but after the congratulations had been showered upon her mother, the bridesmaids asked, and the wedding gown all but chosen, it turned out that Virginia's foreigner was not eligible at all. Some people said he had jilted Virginia when he found she had no fortune, others, that Virginia was a flirt and had jilted him, and still others, that he had a wife on the other side. All this was, of course, very bad for Louise and Marian, to say nothing of Dolly.

As for Dolly, she continued to take life easy, wore the made-over frocks, the shabby hats, the cleaned gloves of all the others, which she inherited, as she cheerfully remarked, "by right divine, for in the Tarleton family, as in the Royal one of England, there is no Sallie law." She was profoundly interested in her sisters' social triumphs, and always begged to be "walked up" when they came home from balls and parties. She arranged their hair, sewed on their glove buttons, teased them, laughed at them, and admired them tremendously.

In return they allowed her to run their errands, were not above quoting her clever speeches as original, kept the fact of her youth well uppermost, spoiled her a little, but pitied her more.

Dolly was not as pretty as Virginia, but what could any one tell of the possibilities of a girl who was never well-dressed, whose hair was worn in short curls, and whose fingers were frequently inky from writing German exercises? She had not a voice like Louise—Louise's voice was her stock in trade, so to speak—neither had she Marian's figure; in fact I do not know that Dolly had any particular accomplishment except a rather singular one that "didn't count." She could whistle! Not an ordinary girlish treble with more shrillness than sweetness but a truly remarkable whistle!

When she sat down to the piano and pursed up her lips straightway one heard the loveliest flute-like notes, deep, sweet, soaring up into the treble, trilling like a bird, now dying away to an almost imperceptible sound; then rising, falling, with

such wonderful facility, that one wondered what could be the same music which came from the lips of the little head-black or the remotest connection of the whistle of the small boy.

This story, perhaps, would never have been written, had it not been for Louise Tarleton's sore throat or Mrs. Gardiner's musicale, for so do widely differing events combine to produce a definite result.

"I never was more utterly in despair," said Mrs. Gardiner, pausing at the door of the Tarletons' little drawing-room. Dolly took her fingers out of her tumbled curls, and looked up from her book.

"Dear Mrs. Gardiner," she said, "what is it?"

"What isn't it, you had better say, child," responded the lady, vexation written all over her face. "Here am I in the greatest pickle, and nothing, absolutely nothing, can be done."

Dolly gave a little ejaculation of surprise, leaning against the door with her hands locked behind her head.

"I thought you never came to the end of your resources, Mrs. Gardiner," she said.

"Where did you get that idea, Dolly? I assure you I am not infallible by any means. Just now, however, I should like to shake that sister of yours."

"Poor Louise!" said Dolly. "She's having a bad enough time as it is with her sore throat, Mrs. Gardiner."

"I know; of course I'm dreadfully sorry for her, and all that. I've just been to see her; the doctor says she has quinsy; and she was to sing at my musicale to-morrow, and be the success of the evening—and there she lies—poor, dear child! And on top of all this comes a note from Herr Wolkauft, my violinist, to say that he can only give me one selection, 'as he is obliged by his management to leave for New York on an early train.'" Mrs. Gardiner ceased from sheer inability to find an expression adequate to the occasion. Dolly was all sympathy in a moment.

"I'm so sorry, so awfully sorry! Can nothing be done? Can't you put it off?"

"No, that's the worst of it; the invitations are all out long ago; the special people I want to entertain are in town, and if Wolkauft can only give me one selection it's better than nothing. I was especially anxious for the girls, for Louise, to meet him—my nephew I mean—Dolly, he's a shamefully rich young man, my dear. Not that you would take that into consideration, you silly child, but he is just what we could have wished for Louise; he is so fond of music too. I declare it's abominable, and I wanted something entirely unique this time," went on Mrs. Gardiner. "All musicales are alike nowadays, and this of mine was to have been different. Mandolins and zithers we've all met, but Wolkauft's violin and Louise's voice you can't hear every day! And now, not a thing to fill the blank. If only some brand new accomplishment could be devised."

Dolly was silent, her curly head bent, apparently lost in a dream, when Mrs. Gardiner, sighing out, "Well, such is life, I must go, Dolly," made her look up, the color rushing into her face.

"Mrs. Gardiner," she said shyly, locking her hands together, a way she had when confused, "I wish—I wonder how you would like—" and then she broke down.

"Well, child, what is it?" Mrs. Gardiner was always good to Dolly, and the girl took heart of grace.

"Of course, as to the young man, I couldn't be any good," she began hurriedly, "and I'm awfully sorry he can't see Louise, but—but—if you really would like something different—why, you know I can whistle!"

Mrs. Gardiner looked down at the eager, flushing face, and for the first time thought Dolly Tarleton pretty, but laughed as she exclaimed:

"Whistle, Dolly? What in the world do you mean, my dear?"

"I know it sounds silly, Mrs. Gardiner," blushed Dolly, "but really it isn't so bad—at least some people like it, and you said you wanted something different. It is different certainly."

"It must be," laughed Mrs. Gardiner. "I don't think I ever heard a girl whistle. Isn't there some proverb about a whistling girl and a crowing hen?"

"Oh, don't!" Mrs. Gardiner, dear," pleaded Dolly. "I've had that quoted at a so often. It may be queer but it's all I can do, and I would like to help you if I could."

"You're a dear little soul. How do you do it, Dolly?"

"Wait a minute; I'll show you," and Dolly sat down to the piano. She was too unaffected and unconscious to be nervous, so she did her best while Mrs. Gardiner leaned back listening. Dolly had chosen an exquisitely pathetic air from "Faust," which lent itself particularly well to being whistled, and as the last note died away Mrs. Gardiner cried delightedly: "Bravo, Dolly! I never imagined anything could be so pretty. I didn't know whistling was like that, and you don't look badly when you do it either."

"Don't I, really?" said Dolly with shining eyes. "Do you like it, Mrs. Gardiner? Do you think it will do?"

"The very thing, I should say. I declare, Dolly, you will turn out accomplished yet."

Dolly laughed. "Dick Tarleton always calls me 'Miss Cinderella.'"

"Well, I'll be your fairy godmother," said Mrs. Gardiner heartily. "You shall come to my musicale to-morrow, and if you do as well as you did just now I prophesy a success."

"You know you need not introduce me to people," said Dolly earnestly. "I can stand behind one of the big screens and they won't even know who it's coming from."

"Like Cinderella herself, you about child. No, that's all nonsense, Dolly—but have you a gown?"

Dolly's face fell. "I'm afraid not," she said. "Oh! wait a minute—up at grandfather's the other day I was trying on some old-fashioned gowns—and there was one such a dear—a little, pale yellow satin, with short waist and puffed sleeves. It belonged to grandmother, and is very much like the things *déshabillé* wear now—do you think it would do?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gardiner, much amused. "It won't be quite original, like your whistling, Dolly. Well, I leave that to you—you must find a gown somewhere."

"But mother and the girls," suggested Dolly. "Do you believe they will let me?"

"Nonsense! tell them I said you must



"A slip of a girl, in a quaint, old-fashioned gown, stood beside the piano and began to whistle"

come," said Mrs. Gardiner hurried away, and as her carriage whirled off, her last words were, "Remember, Dolly, you are not to fail me!"

CHAPTER II

DICK TARLETON, lying up the Gardiners' staircase the night of the musicale, met his three cousins. "My eyes!" he exclaimed. He had absolutely failed to recognize the fourth Miss Tarleton in her without and heathers.

"You don't mean to say it's you, Dolly," he cried, as she smiled up at him sanely.

"Yes, the very same. Dick, didn't you really know me?"

"Not a bit! Upon my word, Dolly, we must come out some day. What's bred of this?" as he touched a soft fold of her gown. "It's satin or something. Why, Cinderella, how did they happen to let you out? Did the pumpkin come for you?"

"Hush! Wait a minute—I'll tell you all about it," said Dolly. But her sisters hurried her away. Mrs. Gardiner, off duty for the moment, met them in the hall, gave them a hasty greeting, and sending Virginia and Marian into the room, claimed Dolly as a performer. In reality she wished to review the child with her keen eyes, for it she was to do at all, Mrs. Gardiner wanted her to make a sensation.

"Well, Dolly, I don't know what you've done to yourself, but you certainly do look pretty," she said in her brusque way.

"Oh, Mrs. Gardiner," said Dolly, as she was half led, half pushed to a long mirror, where the Dolly therein reflected cheeks had a revelation even to herself. Her brown by excitement; her rough curls lay soft and cloudily upon her forehead; her eyes were dancing, full of life and appreciation. Her neck and arms were set off by the pale gleaming skin and old lace, and the strings of amber beads about her throat. She had a great fan that she fanned and unfurled when she did not know what else to do, and her frock and her fan and her feelings generally had made another girl of her.

"Dick, you will take your cousin in," said Mrs. Gardiner. And Dolly entered the room on the arm of her tall cousin. The pair made quite a stir and everybody inquired.

"Who is that fascinating little girl with Dick Tarleton?"

Mrs. Gardiner did not introduce her except to one or two fellow-performers in the music-room, so Dolly got behind one of the big screens and took in her surroundings with delighted eyes.

"What rugs and jugs and candle lights," she said to herself, quoting a well-beloved nursery rhyme.

She heard a quiet, amused laugh, and turned quickly to find a man at her elbow. She had never seen his face before and she rather liked it—a somewhat lazy, dark face with eyes which had a slightly sleepy look, which belied them—for Alec Forbes, to use an old-fashioned phrase, "could see quite as far through a millstone" as his fellow-men. He had a good mouth, not hidden by a short mustache, so that his smile helped his face wonderfully.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "for listening to your soliloquy, but you ought not to quote other people's favorite authors if you don't want to be heard."

Dolly laughed. He was so quietly at ease that he put her there at once. "Favorite authors have a trick of being other people's," she said. An odd, satisfied expression stole over the man's face, as if he had said, "Thank you, I expected you to say something like that," and it was quite true. Alec Forbes, leaning idly against the piano a moment before, looked up as Dolly came in, and walked straight over to her, drawn by the piquant, clever face as by a magnet. Her words, as she peeped through the screen, amused him, and accustomed to do as he pleased, he spoke to her. He did not think she would mind, and if she looked shocked he would tell her his aunt had included him in the introduction a few moments before.

"That is true," he replied. "It's a pity one cannot put 'all rights reserved' on one's specialties."

"Would you rather I didn't quote Edmund Lear?" asked Dolly politely.

"On the contrary, I regard it as an evidence of superiority on your part."

"Really, I'm so glad. I don't think I ever gave any evidences of superiority before."

"Perhaps people haven't been frank enough to tell you so," suggested the other.

"People are not very frank in society, I believe," said Dolly.

"I am to infer from that, you've had a great deal of experience."

"I?" Dolly was so amused at this idea that she laughed outright.

"I don't know the first thing about it," she said.

"Then you speak purely from hearsay?" went on Dolly's friend, with his dark eyes full of quiet amusement fixed on her face.

"Altogether," said Dolly. "I've never been in society in my life."

"No! Then might I make so bold as to

inquire how you happen to be here to-night?"

"No," said Dolly, after a moment's thought. "I don't think you may."

"Not even guess?"

"It is not a conundrum," laughed Dolly. "I think it is and that you are the answer."

"Well, I am the answer—in a way; you aren't so very far wrong after all."

"I can easily find the answer by resorting to unorthodox means."

"How?" inquired Dolly.

"Looking at the programme," he returned quickly.

"Why do you think you will find me there?"

"Because I think you play or sing, or do something."

"Why?"

"I never knew any one ask so many questions," he said in a quiet voice, apparently to no one in particular.

"I never knew any one give so few answers," returned Dolly. "I don't play or sing either."

"Nor do anything?" he continued.

"Well, yes."

"Are you going to do it this evening?"

"Yes—hush! They're going to begin."

Dolly was whisked away from her companion, who was not at all pleased by this sudden desertion. He looked down at the programme, a trifle of white and gold, and scanned the list of names anxiously. He saw "Miss Tarleton" recurring often, a familiar name to him, owing to his aunt's frequent mention of the family. "Little witch!" he muttered. "A girl with a face like hers must do something. To be sure, she can talk, an accomplishment when it's done after her fashion." But his soliloquy was interrupted by a sound that was not a voice, nor a violin, nor a flute, that was—"By jove! I can't be! It isn't a whistle!"

To say that everybody was surprised when a slip of a girl, in a quaint, old-fashioned gown which made her look like one of Abbey's drawings, stood beside the piano and began, without any preliminary warning, to whistle, is to speak mildly.

She looked so unconscious, as if she had forgotten all about her audience, that the audience itself was half piqued. There was a buzz of applause as the last note died away, and Alec Forbes watched people crowding about the girl, asking one another who she was, or begging for an introduction. He was not a man who cared to share his individual tastes with the multitude, so he only stood looking on, while Dolly talked pretty, broken German to Herr Wolkkauf—who beamed benevolently upon her through his glittering eye-glasses—or looked up with frank, clear eyes to reply to some newly-presented admirer.

"They will turn her head," he said. "People are such fools," and he was already planning how he could carry her off to some pleasant corner, where he could make her talk to him as she did a few moments since, without the interference of the multitude, when his aunt approached.

"Now, Alec," she said, "this is not what I intend you to do at all. No glowering in corners, if you please, sir. I know your tricks of old, and if you have your eye on any especial person, you may as well resign her to her fate, for I intend you to meet every one of the thirty individuals here."

"Oh!" was the stifled exclamation which Mrs. Gardiner fancied she heard. But she was inexorable, and Alec Forbes was obliged to content himself by putting out his hand in congratulation as he passed Dolly, saying in a low voice, "You see, I was right; you did do something after all."

Each of us has some day his own brief hour of glory. Cinderella went to the ball at last, and one winter night, in the eighteenth year of her age, Dolly Tarleton was a belle.

That it was a short lived triumph only made the memory sweeter. What booted it that Marian and Virginia told her, "It made a girl ridiculous to talk continually to one man; that, of course, she did whistle very well, but it wouldn't do to get a reputation for that sort of thing? Men didn't really like a girl to be unfeminine. It had been awfully good of Mrs. Gardiner to ask her to take part in the musicale, but, of course, it was only a whim, and the less she thought of it the better."

People were beginning to ask the girls for that sister of theirs, and when questioned innocently as to whether they meant Louise, Virginia or Marian, the reply was so frequently, "No; the little one who whistled so beautifully at Mrs. Gardiner's," that, as it would not do at all for Dolly to appear in public yet, she was sent off to her grandfather's.

But still Dolly couldn't help seeing, as she closed her eyes at night, the vision of a softly-lighted room, with brilliantly-dressed people talking in a modulated confusion, and among them there always appeared a tall, dark man with the kindest smile in the world.

CHAPTER III

FROM her winter retreat in the country Dolly heard echoes of the gay world in her sisters' letters, and the ever-recurring name of Alec Forbes. They seemed to see a great deal of him, which was but natural, as he was the nephew of their best

friend, although it does not happen that nephews are always so amiable to their aunts' wishes.

In this instance, however, there was a happy combination of circumstances. Alec was soon taken for granted that Alec Forbes was the property of the Tarleton girls, only not as yet decided whether he belonged especially to Louise, Virginia or Marian.

"He is such a thoroughly first-rate fellow," said his aunt confidentially to Mrs. Tarleton. "People have called him a flirt, but I don't think it myself. He is rich, good looking, and he has been run after, but he hasn't really been spoiled; and he has the kindest heart in the world."

Mrs. Tarleton sighed and glanced at two people striding slowly through the square overlooked by the house. They were Alec Forbes and Virginia.

The girl was all animation and sparkle, her dark furs setting off her rich color. She looked the beauty society had pronounced her. But Mrs. Tarleton would rather have seen her eyes

pensive, downcast and demure, for the tall, lazy-looking fellow, with his hands behind him, certainly could not be telling a love tale to such a vivacious audience.

Indeed, Virginia was planning an expedition into the country for some sleighing.

The snow was delightful now, packed and frozen hard, and a party to the Tarleton country house to stay a few days would be such a lark—"doesn't Mr. Forbes think so?"

And Mr. Forbes did think so, agreeing with more alacrity than was usual, and when he left Virginia at her door, declining her invitation to "come in for a cup of tea," he asked her curiously:

"By the way, Miss Tarleton, where is your sister now—your youngest sister?"

"Who? Dolly? Oh! she is in the country with grandfather," laughed Virginia. "Dolly is a perfect child wedded to outdoor life. I dare say she's coasting in rubber boots and red mittens this very minute."

Alec Forbes' short mustache scarcely hid his smile as he turned away.

"Decidedly," he said to himself, "decidedly, Dolly has been sent to Siberia."

The evening that Alec Forbes had spent in Dolly's company at the musicale was by no means the only time he had seen her. Mrs. Gardiner lost no time in taking him to call upon Louise, and he had looked in vain for the fourth Miss Tarleton. Then he had boldly asked for her, and was told that she was out walking.

He discovered that she always went for a walk on certain afternoons in the week. So Dolly was much surprised at being joined in the square, in company with her beautiful greyhound, by Alec Forbes, who said in the most natural way in the world:

"Why are you never on view in the afternoons when I come to see you?"

"I didn't know that you came to see me," said Dolly surprised, but not displeased. "Don't you know that I do not receive?"

"I can't understand how, having once had the proclamation of emancipation read over you, you can go back to servitude."

"Servitude!" she exclaimed; "it's really freedom. Don't you think it's servitude to have to pay visits, to go to teas, to dress for dinner, to bore yourself in a hundred ways, because it's 'society'?"

He looked down at the piquant face beside him with secret satisfaction. He delighted to make Dolly flash out like this.

"Calling the same pastime," he said, "I had a wild idea those were the things young women's souls hankered after."

"Why do you take young women in the lump that way?" she said resentfully.

"Do you think we are all alike?"

"I think there are certain resemblances, but every now and then one meets a startling anomaly."

"A freak of Nature," suggested Dolly, smiling up at him.

"Yes, or a return to the original type, the primeval woman."

"An example of atavism," replied Miss Dolly carelessly.

He looked suddenly startled. "Gracious!" he exclaimed. "Much learning, Miss Dolly!"

"Would you rather I talked in words of one syllable?" asked Dolly.

"No indeed, no! I beg your pardon, only you are rather unexpected, you know."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Dolly severely. "I should hate to be just like everybody else."

"You need not be afraid," he said, tossing a pebble for "Max" to run after. They had reached the park.

"I don't want to be eccentric either," she protested with charming inconsequence. "I don't care to have people say, 'That queer Dolly Tarleton.'"

Alec Forbes laughed, but his mirth had a ring of tenderness. "Let me catch anybody saying it," he growled, his eyes absolutely wrathful, where Dolly looked appeased.

It was rather strange that Dolly should not have mentioned this walk to her sisters. When he came again, however, to find over which she accepted his proffered help, they did know it, and it was not long after this that Dolly's exile began.

Mrs. Tarleton had consented to her daughters' giving a house party, and so a gay party of men and maidens divided her father's old mansion, driving from town in a great four-horse sleigh, whose bells and the voices of whose occupants were heard by an eager listener in an upper window long before their actual arrival.

They literally fell feet on the old staircase, men's voices in the merry party come down from a long day's sleighing or skating, transformed the quiet old house.

But for the most part in all these festivities Dolly "didn't count." They begged her to whistle, however, and she did so to every one's delight. But Dolly was a shy plant that only blooms in a congenial atmosphere, and there, where she was strictly "kept in her proper place," Alec Forbes, seeing her full part of "the Tarletons' little sister," could scarcely believe her the same girl. Once or twice he tried to approach Dolly, but she either eluded him, and the old frank manner that existed between them seemed suddenly and unaccountably to have disappeared.

But at last came a day when the party broke up, and drove over to the station. The train was late, and as it was heard to whistle afar off Alec Forbes, who had been rather silent on the way over, turned to Virginia, saying:

"Miss Tarleton, I find I have left something at the house, so if you do not mind I will go back and try to find it. I can take the next train if I miss this one."

Louise and Virginia did not at all approve of this, nor did the rest of the party, and suggested telegraphing and various other expedients, but Alec eventually got his own way.

"Alec Forbes is terribly spoiled," said Marian; "even Mrs. Gardiner must acknowledge that. When he has made up his mind it's quite hopeless trying to change him."

"Well, I rather like it," returned Virginia. "I like a man who knows his mind and will have his own way."

Dolly had waited till the guests had all gone, leaving the halls deserted; then she stole down-stairs, and calling her dog, curled up in a deep chair by the fire, and with her hands idle in her lap, gazed into the flames. Somehow, before very long, the fire grew misty and blurred, and there were tears on the interlaced fingers she put up to screen her eyes.

Alec Forbes, tramping through the snow, his head bent against the wind, passed, on his way from the gates, the window of the room where Dolly sat, and looking in and seeing a slight figure in an attitude of utter abandon, curls buried in the pillows of the big chair, hands locked before her eyes—his heart gave a great leap of happiness.

He stood irresolute one moment, then opened the hall door very gently and entered. The sound in the dim room of Dolly's sobbing made a curious lightening come into his throat. She did not guess that her trouble had a spectator until she felt an arm about her, and heard a voice that trembled from tenderness saying in her ear:

"Dolly! my darling! my dear little girl! won't you let me comfort you?"

It was a hard struggle for Dolly Tarleton to yield, but some minutes afterward, when she was standing in the window, with Alec Forbes' arm about her, her pretty brown curls against his shoulder, the greyhound won the day by coming up to her and putting both paws upon her dress.

"Look, Dolly, won't you look up, dearest?" whispered a voice in her ear. "Even 'Max' is pleading for me; you can't resist him, can you?"

And Dolly, who was the shyest of sweethearts, took heart of grace to look up through her tears and say:

"Max, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You didn't come just because you thought you had to love me—you did not ask me because—because I was such a goose just now?" she asked eagerly.

He laughed softly. "You darling," he said; "yes, I really had to love you because you were such a goose; you don't mind, do you? Why, Dolly, what must I say to satisfy your pride? I don't care in the least how abject I am, now that I have you. Shall I kneel down here, in token of servitude, or anything like that?" he asked, his eyes gleaming as he tried to see her face.

"No!" cried Dolly. "I think you would look perfectly horrid kneeling."

"Bravo! so do I. This is ever so much better."

"That's the last train whistling now," remarked Dolly inhospitably.

"You're not going to send me away again, are you?"

"I didn't know," faltered Dolly, with the suspicion of a laugh in her eyes, "whether you ought not to go back—whether the other girls might not want you."

"My dearest Dolly," he began with the utmost gravity, "if any other girls in the world want me now—"

But Dolly, with a return of her old spirit, interrupted him.

"They can't whistle for you any way," she said.

THE AUTHOR OF "GALLEGER"

By EDWARD W. DOW

On April 18th last Richard Harding Davis was thirty years of age—a significant fact when his wide reputation as a writer is considered. But he was born in a literary atmosphere. A son could scarcely be the son of Rebecca Harding Davis and of L. Charles Davis without inheriting some of the literary genius of either parent. And Richard Harding Davis has, just as his brother, Charles Belmont Davis, has. An only sister, Nora, completes this remarkably interesting family.

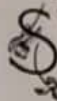
Philadelphia is Richard Harding Davis' birthplace. His education began at the age of nine at the Episcopal Academy in that city. In 1884 he became a student at Lehigh University. There he became an enthusiastic foot-ball player, and there, too, did his first writing as editor of the college paper. He wrote a dozen stories for the paper, and afterward collected them, put them into a book and paid ninety dollars to get the book published. It had a limited sale—very limited. From Lehigh he went to Johns Hopkins University for a year, and there he wrote, reckoned pro-

FOUR FAMOUS YOUNG AUTHORS

Who Have Achieved Fame Before or in Their Thirtieth Year

RUDYARD KIPLING

By ALICE SPARAC MCCOLLIN



STRONG personal affections, even stronger love and habits of domesticity, an unquestioned genius for narrative, literary abilities of the first order, and a style which is as incisive as it is individual, should make any man worth the knowing. Such a one is Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling was born at Bombay, India, on December 30, 1865. Through his mother he can trace his connection with three nationalities, the English, Irish and Scottish, while his father, John Lockwood Kipling, although an Englishman by birth, is of Dutch descent. Mr. Kipling, Senior, went to India many years ago, where he became the head of the Mayo School of Art at Lahore, and where he remained until a year or two ago, when he returned to England.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

By WILLIAM MCKENDREE

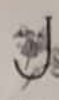


AMONG the leading humorists of America Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has enjoyed an enviable distinction for many years. He was born in Yonkers, New York, in 1862. His father was Francis N. Bangs, one of the most prominent lawyers the bar of New York has known, and his grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, a minister of renown of the Methodist denomination, the historian of his church and the first editor of its publications. Mr. Bangs has inherited a leaning toward literature, a keen but kindly insight into human nature, and very unusual energy and power of application.

A few years ago, when about to deliver a lecture in the city of his residence upon "The Evolution of the Humorist," Mr. Bangs said in introducing himself, in default of a presiding officer: "I was born

"THE ENGLISH MARK TWAIN"

By FREDERICK DOUGLAS



EROME KWATA JEROME has in his time played many parts. He has been a railway clerk, an actor, a newspaper reporter, a school teacher, a short-hand writer and a solicitor's clerk.

Surprising as some of these changes of occupation must have been to his friends, probably none surprised those who knew him best so much as his latest change of all from the ease of literature to the bustle of journalism.

During that period of Mr. Jerome's life when he was "everything by turn and nothing long" it is to be feared that he was not always able to consult his own choice. For when but a lad Mr. Jerome's father, a colliery proprietor, was released by the flooding of a mine, and the boy became dependent on himself. For several years he had a hard struggle to find even the means of subsistence. In each new vocation there was only fresh disappointment, the cause and the consolation probably being alike attributable to Mr. Jerome's deep interest in subjects far removed from the prosaic task of "making a living." He took his poverty as philosophically as he has since



professionally, his first story, "Richard Carr's Baby," a tale with foot-ball tendencies. It appeared in "St. Nicholas."

In 1887 the young student returned to Philadelphia and became a reporter, taking assignments from several newspapers and earning the princely salary of seven dollars a week. Then he started a dramatic paper called "The Stage." When the Johnstown flood occurred Davis went to the scene and reported it. Soon after his return he went to England with the All-Philadelphia Cricket Team, and upon his return remained in New York, connecting himself with the "Evening Sun." In one day he became famous. Mistaken by a bunco-steerer for an Englishman, an impression which a very English-made suit of clothes, a bundle of sticks and umbrella, and a hatbox covered with labels helped to color, he held the man in full daylight on Broadway, shouted lustily for help, had the man arrested, wrote the account of it for his paper, and from that day the name of Richard Harding Davis has been familiar to every New Yorker. Then he wrote his famous "Van Bibber" tales. Next came "Galleger," a success from the moment it appeared in "Scribner's Magazine," although it had been refused by three editors. Now it has sold sixty thousand copies in book form. Then followed in quick succession "The Other Woman," "An Unfinished Story," "My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegan," and the other short stories that have made his name so familiar to thousands.

In 1890 Mr. Davis became editor of "Harper's Weekly." This position he held for a year, and then traveled in the West, with "The West Through a Car Window" as the result. Then he went to London and described life there, returning only to pack his valise and start for Egypt and write of "The Rulers of the Mediterranean." With this his thirst for travel was satisfied, and he resumed his direct connection with "Harper's Weekly," of which he is now associate editor.

Mr. Davis' portrait here given is an excellent likeness. He is well, almost magnificently built, standing six feet high, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, and with a physical strength that many envy. He has a frank, boyish manner about him, and is conscious of his success, as is only natural and quite pardonable, but he is not so in any obtrusive way. His manner of talking is quick, his laugh is of the heartiest, and he is an ideal companion. Popular in society he is sought by every one, and honored generally. But with all his success he is conscious only of a desire to give to the reading public a book or a story that will be superior to the last.

When but five years of age, following the necessary custom of English residents of India, his parents sent Rudyard to England, where he was educated. It is claimed that the pathetic experience of Black Sheep in Mr. Kipling's story of "Baa Baa Black Sheep" is a brief but unfortunate portion of autobiography. The lad was educated at the United Services College, at Westward, Ho, North Devon, where he received from his schoolmates the charming sobriquet of "Giglamph," owing to the fact that he wore spectacles. At college he was a leading member of the literary and debating society, and associate editor of the school newspaper. About this time, too, he earned his first pen money, for a sonnet which he wrote for the London "World." At the age of sixteen he returned to India, where he entered upon a journalistic career, with more of literature about it than belongs to most of his kind. In 1889 he came to America, where he hobnobbed with newspaper men in most of the prominent cities, studied the many different phases of life, and in the fall went back to London, taking with him, it is claimed, the very manuscripts which afterward made his fame and which had been rejected by American publishers. The publication of these stories, followed by their favorable review in the London "Times," and a full description of their author, his place, hours and habits of work, in Edmund Yates' "Celebrities at Home" in the London "World," gave Mr. Kipling the introduction he needed to English people, and in the intervening five years his fame has spread wherever his books have traveled.

On January 18, 1892, Mr. Kipling was married at All Soul's Church in London to Caroline Starr Balestier, a sister of C. W. C. Balestier, the young American novelist who died abroad in 1892, and with whom Mr. Kipling wrote in collaboration. Mrs. Kipling is small and slender with dark brown eyes and hair. She was educated in Rochester, New York, where she was born. Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have one child, a daughter, born in December, 1892. Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have made their home in Brattleboro, Vermont, where they have built a charming country house, which, from its mountainous situation, has been named "Crow's Nest."

In appearance Mr. Kipling is short, squarely built, broad shouldered, with bristly hair and mustache. His eyes are the Irish gray blue and are shielded always by either spectacles or glasses. He is fond of fishing and of horses, but is little or nothing of an athlete. His Vermont neighbors give him a cordial liking, which is grateful to both the man and the author.

in and have resided in Yonkers for a number of years; have braved the perils of life in this community, and have endured, without a murmur, the privations common to all of us." These words, if otherwise unimportant, indicate the uneventful course of his private life.

While an undergraduate of Columbia College Mr. Bangs was a contributor to the "Acta Columbiana," and one of its editors.

Upon leaving college he entered the office of his father, but after a year or two, feeling himself irresistibly drawn toward a literary life, he gave up the study of law. He then became associate editor of "Life," where, in addition to his editorial work, he contributed the "By the Way" page and an almost incredible quantity of original matter.

In 1887, while he was still connected with "Life," Roger Camerton, a Strange Story," his first work to appear in book form, was published. It was a striking story of hallucination, and was reasonably popular and successful. In the same year, in collaboration with his classmate and friend, Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, he wrote "New Waggings of Old Tales," a series of humorous and satirical parodies. About this time he retired from "Life," and in 1888 he wrote "Katharine, a Travesty" for the dramatic association of the Ninth Company, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. Although a travesty of "The Taming of the Shrew," the construction of which it followed rather closely, it was really a comic opera, with a good libretto, full of quaint sayings and quips and songs, and through it Mr. Bangs became more widely known. The following year "Mephistopheles, a Profanation," was written. In 1891 appeared "Tiddledy-wink Tales," the first of his books for children. It has been followed by two other children's books, "In Camp with a Tin Soldier" and "Half Hours with Jimmie Boy."

In 1892, "Toppleton's Client," a novel, was published in London. "Coffee and Repartee," published last year by the Harpers, has been the most successful of his books for older people.

Mr. Bangs is a frequent contributor of jests and verses and short stories to the periodical press, and for several years has been editor of the humorous departments of the publications of the Harpers.

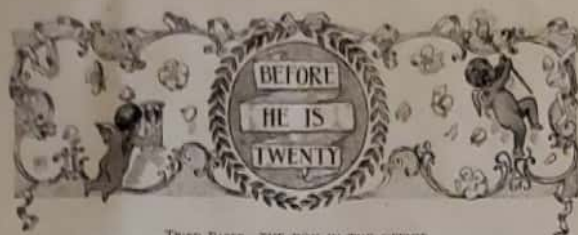
Personally, Mr. Bangs is very popular, and while his good humor, his wit and his kindly nature have endeared him to his intimates, his practical ability, his industry and his good sense have gained him the respect of all with whom, in any way, he has come in contact.

taken prosperity, gratifying as often as he could his love for the drama by a visit to the pit or even to the gallery of the theatre, and afterward talking of the play and the players with a few kindred souls.

It was from such humble beginnings, by the way, that the now influential Playgoers' Club in London came into existence. Mr. Jerome and one or two friends started the club while he was still busily engaged by day in a solicitor's office and by night as dramatic critic for a small weekly paper. It is very interesting to hear Mr. Jerome tell how at one time the writing of a great play seemed to him the only thing worth doing in the world, and how in his devotion to this idea he would dog the footsteps of theatrical managers with the manuscripts of his dramas and comedies.

As the event has proved, none of these mixed experiences have been wasted. Mr. Jerome has himself related in "The Idler" how, in his brief experience as an actor in a third-rate provincial company, he found the material for the little book which first started him on a literary career, "On the Stage—And Off." And it was clearly the varied experience of men and things which, with his keen eye for humor, enabled him before the age of thirty to make a reputation with two such books as "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Three Men in a Boat." Mr. Jerome is one of the few men who are younger than they look—he has not yet celebrated his thirty-third birthday. "Barbara," the pathetic little play which first gave him the ear of the play-going public, was written before he was eighteen; "The Idle Thoughts" was put to paper in the course of the next year or so, and "Three Men in a Boat" was written when he was about twenty-six.

When the success of "The Idle Thoughts" brought him some degree of affluence, Mr. Jerome left the solicitor's office and endorsed himself with his bright and sympathetic young wife in a cozy "flat" overlooking the river at Chelsea. It was at the top, I remember, of a very high building which was without an elevator, but people would cheerfully undertake the toilsome ascent for the sake of a cup of tea in the Jeromes' delightful rooms. About three years ago Mr. Jerome chose for his residence one of the semi-rustic villas which, with their walled-in gardens, render St. John's Wood so attractive. In this house I have spent some very pleasant hours, Jerome every now and then bringing out some quaint saying, and as the sky humor plays about the fair face that indicates his Scandinavian ancestry, I am reminded that I am, indeed, in the society of the English Mark Twain.



THIRD PAPER—THE BOY IN THE OFFICE

By Edward W. Bok

BEFORE the boy who is earning three or four dollars per week in an office is naturally full of anxiety for his future. More particularly is this true of the mother. She watches him as he leaves the house to go to his desk each morning, and after a year or two she wonders why her boy's salary is not increased. "He is such a good boy," she reasons to herself, or tells some friend, "I am sure he deserves more money than he receives." This is the parental belief, and it is a natural one. But to be "a good boy" in the home does not always imply a helpful boy in the office. One does not necessarily follow the other, yet it must be confessed that domestic influences play an important part in the success of the boy in the office.

SO far as possible every parent should try and see that his or her boy gets from the very start into that particular line of business for which he seems to have either a natural bent or taste. An uncongenial position is just as distasteful to a boy as it is to a man, and it is always a fatal mistake to turn a boy away from his natural inclinations. If his mind seems to be that of a lawyer it is far better that he should be put into a lawyer's office from the start. By being office boy in such an office, and climbing up, he knows just what every position calls for, and ten chances to one he will treat his employees better, when he becomes a practicing lawyer himself, than if he had not had the experience. I am a strong believer in the theory that a man should be an employee before he becomes an employer, and if he can pass through every position in the same business from the office boy's desk up, in which he afterward starts for himself, he will be the gainer for it.

THE advancement of a boy when in an office is necessarily slow, and a great deal of patience is necessary, especially on the side of the parents. If they become impatient the feeling is quickly imbibed by the boy, and he becomes impregnated with that most fatal of all beliefs to a boy—that he is not appreciated by his employer. When a parent, by word or action, instills that belief in a boy, he impresses upon him the first wrong lesson in life. Promotion from errand or office boy to the next position is very tedious work, and it is slow because there is a wide gulf between the office boy's desk and the next position above it. At the same time the office boy's desk is the only one in a business house which is absolutely transient in its character. A man may remain a stenographer, a clerk, a bookkeeper, a cashier, all his life, but the office boy's desk is just what it indicates: the starting point of graduation.

After a boy passes his sixteenth year he is supposed to pass from under his mother's care to that of the father. But it is before his sixteenth year that the average boy begins or passes through his experience as office or errand boy. Hence, the responsibility of impressing correct principles in a boy's mind rests with the mother.

If, for example, punctuality is an unknown quality in a household, it is not likely that a boy will reach his desk punctually. In fact, he cannot do so. He is dependent upon the home machinery for rising and getting his breakfast. When I was an office boy I was always at my desk at eight o'clock, but the fact that I was there was not due to myself in any sense. It was because my mother saw that I rose in time, had my breakfast in season, and left the house in plenty of time to reach the office. In that way the value of punctuality was impressed upon me. It is, indeed, the first essential of success in the life of an office boy. Rushing into the office at five minutes after eight, or whatever may be the hour set for the boy, is bad, since it is just as possible to reach the office five minutes before the hour.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This series of "Before He is Twenty" aims to give in five articles the wisest suggestions on the five phases of a boy's life most perplexing to parents. The first two articles were printed in the April and June issues of the JOURNAL, and treated of:

The Father and His Boy. By Robert J. Burdette
When He Decides. By Frances Hodgson Burnett

ANOTHER point in a boy's habits that leads to success in the mother plays a part in the neatness of his dress. No employer expects a boy earning three or four dollars per week to be dressed in the immediate fashions. But he has a right to expect that his boy be neatly dressed. No matter how poor we are, there is no excuse for any one wearing soiled linen. A clean collar and shirt should be made possible for every boy. Wherever possible, too, mothers should early train their boys to the wearing of cuffs, since they do much to impress cleanliness. A clean pair of cuffs adds a great deal to a boy's appearance. As we feel so do we work. Every man has experienced the comfortable feeling that arises because of the fact that he was wearing a new suit of clothes, and the increased interest in his surroundings and work because of this feeling. Our clothes unquestionably affect our feelings, and our feelings affect our work. If a boy feels clean and is neatly dressed he will do better work than if he is allowed to go to his office morning after morning with his clothes unbrushed, his face and hands only half washed, and his hair carelessly combed. Neatness does much for a boy in the eyes of his employer, and it costs nothing except a little pains. An employer likes to see the people in his office as well dressed as their circumstances allow, and it pleases him to see his office boy, when he sends him on errands to other business houses, make a good appearance.

IT is in the home life that a boy must have formed for him the habits that will win him success in the outer world, and here everything depends upon the parents, and, as I said before, particularly upon the mother. It is she who can strike the wrong or the right key for a boy's whole day in the manner in which she sends him from home. If, in the morning, he is scolded for this, and scolded for that, he will start the day wrong, and show the effects of it in his work during the entire day. If, on the other hand, he goes from a bright, sunny home with his mother's kiss as his last good-bye, depend upon it the day will be bright for him. His spirits are affected just as he starts the day. It is sad enough that so many boys must be sent out into the world to earn money at too young an age, but if this must be so, the hardships can be lightened for them. Again and again have I seen boys going to their desks in the morning with red, swollen eyes and a look that betokened anything but a pleasant home-leaving.

I am inclined to believe, too, that our boys do not, in a great many cases, receive from their parents that degree of sympathetic interest in their work that ought to be extended them. If a boy feels interested in his daily duties and the people with whom he comes into contact, he naturally likes to talk about them over the dinner-table or during the evening at home. Parents who enter into a proper spirit of this interest on the part of a boy are the exception rather than the rule. They look upon their boy's going out into the world as a dire necessity, and once he reaches home they do not like to be reminded of it. This is better in theory than it is in practice. If a boy, filled with an ambition to become a factor in the business world which is yet all so strange to him, fails to find a sympathetic audience in his father or his mother, his enthusiasm receives a blow.

Parents should remain quiet factors in their boy's success in the office—not visible ones. Some mothers—and fathers, too—have a way of too directly entering into their boy's lives, and visiting the office where he is employed. As a rule, employers resent this, and their resentment is a just one. Sometimes circumstances make it possible for parents to meet their boy's employer in a pleasant and natural manner, and under such conditions the meeting can be made advantageous. But going to the office, and trying to advance the interests, is unwise. Interference is resented by the employer, as I have said, and it is injurious to the boy, since it is far better for him to feel that he stands for himself in the business world, and that he cannot rely upon any one's assistance. The employer feels the home influence indirectly, and it counts far more than if the father and mother became a visible quantity. A good home training has a way of making itself apparent under all circumstances.

UPON the boy himself, of course much depends—the largest part, by far. If he is taught one thing at home and does another when away from home, then the consequences are, his own. A boy succeeds in an office just in proportion as he carries himself and shows that he is deserving. It is folly to say that an office boy is a nut in the eyes of his employer. He is not. A capable office boy has his value to an office—just as much value as has a good bookkeeper—and every employer realizes this fact. The boy in the office is far more in the eyes of his chief than he oftentimes imagines. An office boy is always looked upon by an employer as a possibility. He is ever hopeful that the boy may show those qualities which will justify him in giving him more responsible work. The willingness upon the part of the employer to advance the boy in his office is present. Neither boy nor parent need have the slightest fear on this ground. The whole point rests upon whether the boy justifies the interest of his employer.

NOW I shall not say that a boy will succeed just in proportion as he is honest and truthful. This must go by inference. Everything in the business world depends upon honesty and truthfulness. Without these foundation stones no business can live. I do not say that a boy should be honest, truthful and faithful. I say he must be. But to be simply and solely what those three qualities mean will not win him success. He must be something more.

The average office boy does just what he is told to do. There he stops, and just there he fails. Now running errands can be made an art just as well as scores of boys now make it a hardship both to themselves and to their employer. The streets of our large cities are filled, during business hours, with office boys. For the most part they are a deplorable sight. It is the exception to see a boy going along the street doing what he is sent out to do, and doing it in a businesslike manner. The average boy shuffles along as if it were an absolute impossibility for him even to pick up his feet. He must strike every sign and post he meets on his way. He must throw something at every dog he sees. He makes a stopping-place of every candy stand and fruit-cart. If he is not yelling he is whistling. He believes that every empty truck or wagon is especially made for him to steal a ride upon. Now such a boy is more often seen on the street by his employer, or by some one who tells that employer, than the boy imagines. We do not expect our boys to be men, but we do expect that when sent on an errand, they will do that errand as well as they can, and behave themselves when they are doing it. Errand-running is the first test of a boy's character. If he can attend to errands well he will make an impression that will be valuable to him.

WHEN a boy is sent on an errand he should realize and feel that for that moment, he is the representative of his employer, and see to it that his employer is represented by him and in him in the most creditable manner. When he receives his employer's message he should listen to it well, and for the moment dismiss everything else from his mind, and concentrate his thoughts upon the one thing expected of him. He should try to enter into the emergencies of a case and ascertain what will be expected of him if he finds it impossible to deliver his message. He should try to be something more than a messenger boy, pure and simple. Having his message well in mind, let him go straight to his destination as quickly as possible, and as quickly return. Business men always appreciate dispatch in a boy. Politeness, also, should be a living rule with every boy. Few things count for more in business or impress themselves so strongly. It is well for a boy to look upon every man he meets, in or out of his office, as a possible employer. A boy should strive to make an impression upon every business man he meets, not knowing what day he may be beholden to that man. Little acts of politeness on the part of a boy, such as invariably removing his hat when he comes into an office, or touching his cap when he meets men whom he has seen in the street, go a long way, and are not overlooked even by the busiest men.

In his work in the office, a boy should, above all things, be thorough. If his chief duty is to copy letters let him study the letter-press and its implements until he makes an art of what so many boys make a failure. Much depends upon the clear copy of a letter sometimes. If a boy is depended upon to sweep the office and keep it clean let him devote his every energy to doing it well. An office neatly kept is a very strong recommendation for a boy to his employer. The employer may, in the boy's eyes, not seem to notice that his room is always clean and neat, but depend upon it he does. He may not speak of it, he may have an entirely different and more substantial way of showing his appreciation. Even in cases where an employer may not be neat himself he appreciates neatness in others. A boy should always take care to keep his own desk and special little domain looking as neat as possible.

THE average office boy makes his greatest mistakes when he has any leisure moments. While he is kept busy he may be the best boy his employer feels he has ever had. But it is during those moments when which come to every boy in an office when he has nothing to do, that he commits those lapses which undo for him everything he has done for himself during his busy moments. There are few things that are more irritating to an employer than to see his office boy sitting at his desk doing absolutely nothing. Then it is that the average boy either sits drumming on his desk with his fingers, whistling with his knife, idly gazing out of a window, or talking and laughing with others who have work to do. These things are very fatal to a boy's success. A boy should see to it that he has very few moments in which there is not something for him to do. If there is nothing just at his fingers' ends let him look around and see if there is not something he can do which he has put off during busy seasons. But let him keep himself busy, doing something no matter how insignificant. To read books is a good habit in its way, and yet I have never been able to feel that reading belongs to business hours on the part of a boy or any one else. I believe the mind of a boy who reads a newspaper, if he can find nothing else to do, is in better condition for business than the boy who reads a book, and I care not what may be his character.

IT is not unlikely that through this article I shall reach the eyes and ears of thousands of office boys, either directly or through their parents, and in these closing words I will write even more directly to them than I have in what I have said above.

The chance exists for every office boy to begin a successful business career just where he is to-day, even though he is earning but three dollars per week. It is not the salary you earn, my lad, nor the position you are now in that means your success, but it is what you give to your employer for that salary, and what you make of your position that will count. Never be afraid to give too much for the money you receive.

Be the first at the office in the morning, and the last to leave at night. Don't have your hat all ready to snap up and run for the door the moment the clock points to the hour of closing. Let your employer see you at your desk when he goes. Never fear an extra half hour or hour. A little extra faithfulness after business hours counts for much.

Whatever is given you to do, no matter how trifling it may seem, do it thoroughly. Do it as if it were the only act of the whole day. If it is only the mailing of a letter, mail it in a street letter-box if you think it will be collected sooner than if it waits for the carrier to collect it at the office.

Be at your desk as much as you can; be away from it only when it is absolutely necessary.

Don't play; don't fool at the office; you are not paid for that. Don't stay out at lunch longer than is necessary. Don't feel that you must be out a full hour simply because you are entitled to it. Rather take less than just exactly all or more.

Ask to be "off" only when necessity, such as sickness or death, demands it. Rather lose a picnic or an excursion than lose one point with your employer.

Don't eat during business hours; have neither candy, nor apples, nor nuts in your desk. A luncheon hour is given you, and time, too, in which to eat.

Don't cut out pictures and decorate your desk or the wall near you with them. An office is a business place where everything should lead to business, and not to things that belong more to your home than to your office.

Don't sulk because your mother sends you to bed early. She does it that you may be fresh in the morning, and better able to do a good day's work. You need all the sleep you can get.

Be truthful. Don't think "a little lie" won't hurt. It will, just as much as a big one. Liars, small or large, never make a success in business. Stick to the truth, even if you lose by it. You will gain by it later. Be able to look everybody straight in the face.

Keep your boy friends away from the office. They have no business there, and you have no right to have them there. Your employer pays you to receive his callers—not yours.

Be polite to everybody—to the peddler as well as to your employer's best customer. Politeness costs nothing, and is more valuable than many things that cost much.

Do your very best in everything. When you do that you do all you can, but be sure it is your very best. Then will many things come to you, and you will soon outdistance other boys who do as little as they can, or only do things in a half-hearted way. Never mind what other boys do—be you thorough in everything. If you are that you have the key to success.

* * * The next article in the series of "Before He is Twenty" will treat of "A Boy's Evenings and Amusements," by Mrs. Burton Harrison—herself the mother of boys whom she has successfully trained.

POMONA'S TRAVELS

A Series of Letters to the Mistress of Rudder Grange from Her Former Hand-Maiden.

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



ONE of me got to like Buxton very much. We met many pleasant people, and as most of them had a chord in common, we were friendly enough. Jone said it made

him feel sad in the smoking room to see the men he'd got acquainted with get well and go home, but that's a kind of sadness that all parties can bear up under pretty well.

I haven't said a word yet about Scotland, though we have been here a week, but I really must get something about it into this letter. I was saying to Jone the other day that if I was to meet a king with a crown on his head I am not sure that I should know that king if I saw him again, so taken up would I be with looking at his crown, especially if it had jewels in it such as I saw in the regalia at the Tower of London. Now Edinburgh seems to strike me in very much the same way. Prince Street is its crown, and whenever I think of this city it will be of this magnificent street and the things that can be seen from it.

It is a great thing for a street to have one side of it taken away and sunk out of sight so that there is a clear view far and wide, and visitors can stand and look at nearly everything that is worth seeing in the whole town, as if they was in the front seats of the balcony in a theatre, and looking on the stage. You know I am very fond of the theatre, madam, but I never saw anything in the way of what they call spectacular representation that came near Edinburgh as seen from Prince Street.

But as I said in one of my first letters, I am not going to write about things and places that you can get much better description of in books, and so I won't take up any time in telling how we stand at the window of our room at the Royal Hotel and look out at the old town standing like a forest of tall houses on the other side of the valley, with the great castle perched up high above them, and all the hills and towers and the streets all spread out below us, with Scott's monument right in front, with everybody he ever wrote about standing on brackets, which stick out everywhere from the bottom up to the very top of the monument, which is higher than the tallest house, and looks like a steeple without a church to it. It is the most beautiful thing of the kind I ever saw, and I have made out, or think I have, nearly every one of the figures that's carved on it. I think I shall like the Scotch people very much, but just now there is one thing about them that stands up as high above their other good points as the castle does above the rest of the city, and that is the feeling they have for anybody who has done anything to make his fellow-countrymen proud of him. A famous Scotchman cannot die without being pretty promptly born again in stone or bronze, and put in some open place with seats convenient for people to sit and look at him. I like this; glory ought to begin at home.

LETTER NO. XXI

EDINBURGH.

JONE being just as lively on his legs as he ever was in his life, thanks to the waters of Buxton, and I having the rheumatism now only in my arm, which I don't

need to walk with, we have gone pretty much all over Edinburgh, and a great place it is to walk in, so far as variety goes. Some of the streets are so steep you have to go up steps if you are walking, and about a mile around if you are driving. I never get tired wandering about the old town with its narrow streets and awfully tall houses, with family washes hanging out from every story.

The cloths are queer places. They are very like little villages set into the town as



"While the loose hook swung around and nipped him in his ear"

if they was raisins in a pudding. You get to them by alleys or tunnels, and when you are inside you find a little neighborhood that hasn't anything more to do with the next close a block away than one country village has with another.

We went to see John Knox's house, and although Mr. Knox was pretty hard on vanities and frivolities he didn't mind having a good house over his head, with woodwork on the walls and ceilings that wasn't any more necessary than the back buttons on his coat.

We have been reading hard since we have been in Edinburgh, and whenever Mr. Knox and Mary, Queen of Scots, come together I take Mary's side without asking questions. I have no doubt Mr. Knox was a good man, but if meddling in other people's business gave a person the right to have a monument, the top of his would be the first thing travelers would see when they come near Edinburgh.

When we went to Holyrood Palace it struck me that Mary, Queen of Scots, deserved a better house. Of course it wasn't built for her, but I don't care very much for the other people who lived in it. The rooms are good enough for an ordinary household's use, although the little room that she had her supper party in when Rizzio was killed, wouldn't be considered by Jone and me as anything like big enough for our family to eat in. But there is a general air about the place as if it belonged to a royal family that was not very well off, and had to abstain from a good deal of grandeur.

If Mary, Queen of Scots, could come to life again I expect the Scotch people would give her the best palace that money could buy, for they have grown to think the world of her, and her pictures blossom out all over Edinburgh like daisies in a pasture field.

The first morning after we got here I was as much surprised as if I had met Mary,

Queen of Scots, walking along Prince Street with a parasol over her head. We were sitting in the reading-room of the hotel, and on the other side of the room was a long desk at which people were sitting writing letters, all with their backs to us. One of these was a young man wearing a nice light-colored sack suit with a shiny, white collar sticking above it, and his black derby hat was on the desk beside him. When he had finished his letter he put a stamp on it and got up to mail it. I happened to be looking at him and I believe I stopped breathing as I sat and stared. Under his coat he had on a little skirt of green plaid about big enough for my Corinne when she was about five years old, and then he didn't wear anything whatever, until you got down to his long stockings and low shoes. I was so struck with the feeling that he was an absent-minded person that I punched Jone and whispered to him to go quick and tell him. Jone looked at him and laughed and said that was the Highland costume.

Now if that man had had his martial plaid wrapped around him and had worn a Scottish cap with a feather in it and a long ribbon hanging down his back, with his claymore girdled to his side, I wouldn't have been surprised, for this is Scotland and that would have been like the pictures I have seen of Highlanders. But to see a man with the upper half of him dressed like a clerk in a dry goods store, and the lower half like a Highland chief was enough to make a stranger gasp.

But since then I have seen a good many young men dressed that way. I believe it is considered the tip of the fashion. I haven't seen any of the bare-legged dandies yet with a high silk hat and an umbrella, but I expect it won't be long before I meet one.

those fine fellows thought that the colors would run out of their beautiful plaids, or whether they would get rheumatism in their knees, but it did seem to me pretty hard that soldiers could not come out in the weather that lots of common citizens didn't seem to mind at all. I was a good deal put out, for I hate to get up early for nothing, but there was no use saying anything, and all we could do was to go home, as all the other people with full suits of clothes did.

Jone and I have got so much more to see before we go home that it is very well we are both able to skip around lively. Of course there are ever and ever so many places that we want to go to, but can't do it, but I am bound to see the Highlands and the country of the "Lady of the Lake." We have been reading up Walter Scott, and I think more than I ever did that he is perfectly splendid. While we was in Edinburgh we felt bound to go and see Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. I shall not say much about these two places, but I will say that to go into Sir Walter Scott's library and sit in the old armchair he used to sit in, at the desk he used to write on, and see his books and things around me, gave me more a feeling of reverentialism than I have had in any cathedral yet.

As for Melrose Abbey I could have walked about under those towering walls and lovely arches until the stars peeped out from the lofty vaults above, but Jone and the man who drove the carriage were of a different way of thinking, and we left all too soon. But one thing I did do: I went to the grave of Michael Scott, the wizard, where once was shut up the book of awful mysteries, with a lamp always burning by it, though the flagstone was shut down tight on top of it, and I got a piece of moss and a weed.

We don't do much in the way of carrying out such things, but I want Corinne to read the "Lady of the Lake," and then I shall give her that moss and that weed and tell her where I got them. I believe that in the way of romances Corinne is going to be more like me than like Jone.

To-morrow we go to the Highlands, and we shall leave our two big trunks in the care of the man in the red coat who is commander-in-chief at the Royal Hotel, and who said he would take as much care of them as if they was two glass jars filled with rubies, and we believed him for he has done nothing but take care of us since we came to Edinburgh, and good care, too.

LETTER NO. XXII

KINLOCH RANNOCH.

IT happened that the day we went north was a very fine one, and as soon as we got into the real Highland country there was nothing to hinder me from feeling that my feet was on my native heath except that I was in a railway carriage and that I had no Scotch blood in me, but the joy of my soul was all the same.

There was an old gentleman got into our carriage at Perth, and when he saw how we was taking in everything our eyes could reach, for Jone is a good deal more fired up by travel than he used to be—I expect it must have been the Buxton waters that made the change—he began to tell us all about the places we were passing through. There didn't seem to be a rock or a stream that hadn't a bit of history to it for that old gentleman to tell us about.

We got out at a little town called Struan, and then we took a carriage and drove



POMONA DRINKING IT IN

across the wild moors and hills for thirteen miles till we came to this village at the end of Loch Rannoch. The wind blew strong and sharp, but we knew what we had to expect and had worn clothes on. And with the cool breeze and remembering "Scott's Wha' Ha' w' Wallace Bled" made me blood-thirsty all the way.

We are going to stay here at least a week; we shall not try to do everything that can be done on Scottish soil for we shall not stalk stags or shoot grouse, and I have told Jane that he may put on as many Scotch bonnets and plaids as he likes, but there is one thing he is not going to do and that is to go fern-kneed, to which he answered he would never do that unless he could dip his knees into weak coffee so that they would be the same color as his face.

There is a nice inn here with beautiful scenery all around, and the lovely Loch Rannoch stretches away for eleven miles. Everything is just as Scotch as it can be. Even the English people who come here put on knickerbockers and bonnets. I have never been anywhere else where it is considered the correct thing to dress like the natives, and I will say here that it is very few of the natives that wear kilts. That sort of thing seems to be given up to the fancy Highlanders.

Nearly all the talk at the inn is about shooting and fishing. Stag hunting here is very different from what it is in England in many ways than one. In the first place stags are not hunted with horses and hounds. In the second place the sport is not free. A gentleman here told me that if a man wanted to shoot a stag on these moors it would cost him one rifle cartridge and six five-penny notes, and when Jane did not understand what that meant the man went on and told him about how the deer stalking was carried on here. He said that some of the big proprietors up here owned as much as ninety thousand acres of moorland, and they let it out mostly to English people for hunting and fishing. And if it is stag hunting the tenant wants the price he pays is regulated by the number of stags he has the privilege of shooting. Each stag he is allowed to kill costs him thirty pounds. So if he wants the pleasure of shooting thirty stags in the season his rent will be nine hundred pounds. This he pays for the stag shooting, but some kind of a house and about ten thousand acres are thrown in, which he has a perfect right to sit down on and rest himself on, but he can't shoot a grouse on it unless he pays extra for that. And what is more, if he happens to be a bad shot, and breaks his leg and has to stay in the house, and doesn't shoot his thirty stags, he has got to pay for them all the same.

When Jane told me all this I said I thought a hundred and fifty dollars a pretty high price to pay for the right to shoot one deer. But Jane said I didn't consider all the rest the man got. In the first place he had the right to get up very early in the morning in the gloom and drizzle, and to trudge through the sloop and the heather until he got far away from the neighborhood of any human being, and then he could go up on some high piece of ground and take a spy-glass and search the whole country round for a stag. When he saw one way off in the distance snuffing the morning air, or hunting for his breakfast among the heather, he had the privilege of walking two or three miles over the moor so as to get that stag between the wind and himself so that it could not scent him or hear him. Then he had the glorious right to get his rifle all ready and steal and creep toward that stag to cut short his existence. He has to be as careful and as sneaky as if he was a snake in the grass, going behind little hills and down to gullies, and sometimes almost crawling on his stomach where he goes over an open place, and doing everything he can to keep that stag from knowing his end is near. Sometimes he follows his victim all day, and the sun goes down before he has the glorious right of standing up and lodging a bullet in its unsuspecting heart.

"So you see," said Jane, "he gets a lot for his hundred and fifty dollars."

"They do get a good deal more for their money than I thought they did," said I, "but I wonder if those rich sportsmen ever think that if they would take the money that they pay for shooting thirty or forty stags in one season they might buy a rhinoceros, which they could set up on a hill and shoot at every morning if they liked. A game animal like that would last them for years, and if they were felt like it they could ask

their friends to help them shoot without costing them anything."

Jane is pretty hard on sport with killing in it. He does not mind eating meat, but he likes to have the butcher do the killing. But I reckon he is a little too tender-hearted. But as far as I like to do some kinds, especially when you don't have your gun or your sympathies awakened by seeing your prey enjoying life when you are seeking to encompass his end. Of course by that I mean fishing.

There are a good many trout in the lake, and people can hire the privilege of fishing for them, and I begged Jane to let me go out in a boat and fish. He was rather in favor of staying ashore and fishing in the little river, but I didn't want to do this. I wanted to go out and have some regular lake fishing. At last Jane agreed provided I would not expect him to have anything to do with the fishing. "Of course I don't expect anything like that," said I, "and it would be a good deal better for you to stay on shore. The landlord says a gilly will go along to row the boat and attend to the lines and rods and all that, and so there won't be any need for you at all, and you can stay on shore with your book and watch if you like."

"And suppose you tumble overboard," said Jane.

"Then you can swim out," I said, "and perhaps wade a good deal of the way. I



"Jane looked at him and said that was the Highland costume."

don't suppose we need go far from the bank."

Jane laughed and said he was going too. "Very well," said I, "but you have got to stay in the bow with your back to me and take an interesting book with you, for it is a long time since I have done any fishing, and I am not going to do it with two men watching me and telling me how I ought to do it and how I oughtn't to. One will be enough."

"And that one won't be me," said Jane. "For fishing is not one of the branches I teach in my school."

I would have liked it better if Jane and me had gone alone, he doing nothing but row, but the landlord wouldn't let his boat that way and said we must take a gilly, which, as far as I can make out, is a sort of sporting farm hand. That is the way to do fishing in these parts.

Well, we started, and Jane sat in the front with his back to me, and the long-legged gilly rowed like a good fellow. When we got to a good place to fish he stopped and took a fishing-rod that was in pieces and screwed them together, and fixed the line all right so that it would run along the rod to a little wheel near the handle, and then he put on a couple of hooks with artificial flies on them, which was so small I couldn't imagine how the fish could see them. While he was doing all this I got a little fidgety because I had never fished except with a straight pole and line with a cork to it, which would bob when the fish bit, but this was altogether a different sort of a thing. When it was all ready he handed me the pole and then sat down very polite to look at me.

Now, if he had handed me the rod and then taken another boat and gone home, perhaps I might have known what to do with the thing after a while, but I must say that at that minute I didn't. I held the rod out over the water and let the flies dangle down into it, but do what I would they wouldn't sink, there wasn't weight enough on them.

"You must throw your fly, madam," said the gilly, always very polite: "let me give it a throw for you," and then he took the rod in his hand and gave it a whirl and

a switch which sent the flies out ever so far from the boat, then he drew it along a little so that the flies skipped over the top of the water.

I didn't say anything, and taking the pole in both hands, I gave it a wild twist over my head, and then it flew out as if I was trying to whip one of the leaders in a four-horse team. As I did this Jane gave a jump that took him pretty near out of the boat, for two flies whirled just over the bridge of his nose, and so close to his eyes as he was reading an interesting dialogue and not thinking of fish or even of me, that he gave a jump sideways, which, if it hadn't been for the gilly grabbing him, would have taken him overboard. I was frightened myself and said to him that I had told him he ought not to come in the boat, and it would have been a good deal better for him to have stayed on shore.

He didn't say anything but I noticed he turned up his collar and pulled down his hat over his eyes and ears. The gilly said that perhaps I had too much line out, and so he took the rod and wound up a good deal of the line. I liked this better because it was easier to whip out the line and pull it in again. Of course, I would not be likely to catch fish so much nearer the boat, but then we can't have everything in this world. Once I thought I had a bite when I gave the rod such a jerk that the line flew back against me, and when I was getting ready to throw it out again I found that one of the little hooks had stuck fast in my thumb. I tried to take it out with the other hand, but it was awfully awkward to do because the rod wobbled and kept jerking on it. The gilly asked me if there was anything the matter with the flies, but I didn't want him to know what had happened and so I said, "Oh, no," and turning my back on him I tried my best to get the hook out without his helping me, for I didn't want him to think that the first thing I caught was myself after just missing my husband—he might be afraid it would be his turn next. You cannot imagine how bothersome it is to go fishing with a gilly to wait on you. I would rather wash dishes with a sexton to wipe and look for nicks on the edges.

At last, and I don't know how it happened, I did hook a fish, and the minute I felt him I gave a jerk and up he came. I heard the gilly say something about playing, but I was in no mood for play, and if that fish had been shot up out of the water by a submarine volcano it couldn't have ascended any quicker than when I jerked it up. Then as quick as lightning it went whirling through the air, struck the pages of Jane's book, turning over two or three of them, and then wiggled itself half way down Jane's neck between his skin and his collar, while the loose hook swung around and nipped him in his ear.

"Don't pull, madam," shouted the gilly, and it was well he did for I was just on the point of giving an awful jerk to get the fish loose from Jane. Jane gave a grab at the fish, which was trying to get down his back, and pulling him out threw him down, but by doing this he jerked the other hook into his ear, and then a yell arose such as I never before heard from Jane. "I told you you ought not to come in this boat," said I, "you don't like fishing and something is always happening to you."

"Like fishing!" cried Jane. "I should say not," and he made up such a comical face that even the gilly, who was very polite, had to laugh as he went to take the hook out of his ear.

When Jane and the fish had been got off my line, Jane turned to me and said, "Are you going to fish any more?"

"Not with you in the boat," I answered, and then he said he was glad to hear that and told the man he could row us ashore.

I can assure you, madam, that fishing in a rather wobbly boat with a husband and a gilly in it, is not to my taste, and that was the end of our sporting experiences in Scotland, but it did not end the glorious times we had by that lake and on the moors.

We hired a little pony trap and drove up to the other end of the lake, and not far beyond that is the beginning of Rannoch Moor, which the books say is one of the wildest and most desolate places in all Europe. So far as we went over the moor we found that this was truly so, and I know that I, at least, enjoyed it ever so much more because it was so wild and desolate. As far as we could see the moors stretched away in every direction, covered in most places by heather, now out of blossom, but with great rocks standing out of the ground in some places, and here and there patches of grass. Sometimes we could see two or three lochs at once, some of them the middle of the moor came the maddest and most harum-scarum little river that could be imagined. It actually seemed to go out of its way to find rocks to turn over, just as if it was a young calf, and some of the waterfalls were beautiful. All around us was melancholy mountains, all of them with "ben" for their first names, except Schiehallion, which was the best shaped of any of them, coming up to a point and standing by itself, which was what I used to think mountains always did, but now I know they run into each other

so that you can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins.

For three or four days we went out on these moors, sometimes when the sun was shining and sometimes when there was a heavy rain and the wind blew gales, and I think I liked this last kind of weather the best, for it gave me an idea of lonely desolation which I never had in any part of the world I have ever been in before. There is often not a house to be seen, not even a crofter's hut, and we seldom met anybody. Sometimes I wandered off by myself behind a hillock or rocks where I could not even see Jane, and then I used to try to imagine how I would have felt if she had early become a widow, and to put myself in her place. There was always clouds in the sky, sometimes dark and heavy ones coming down to the very peaks of the mountains, and not a tree was to be seen, except a few rowan trees or bushes close to the river. But by the side of Loch Rannoch on our way back to the village we passed along the edge of a fine old forest called the "Black Woods of Rannoch." There are only three of these ancient forests left in Scotland, and some of the trees in this one are said to be eight hundred years old.

The last time we was out on the Rannoch Moor there was such a savage and driving wind and the rain came down in such torrents that my mackintosh was blown nearly off of me and I was wet from my head to my heels. But I would have stayed out hours longer if Jane had been willing, and I never felt so sorry to leave these Grampian Hills, where I would have been glad to have had my father feed his flock, and where I might have wandered away my childhood, bare-footed over the heather, singing Scotch songs and drinking in deep draughts of the pure mountain air, instead of—but no matter.

To-morrow we leave the Highlands, but as we go to follow the shallop of the "Lady of the Lake," I should not repine.

(Conclusion in September JOURNAL.)

"Mr. Stockton's humorous recital of 'Tommy's Travels,' which has been so popular, was commenced in the December, 1893, number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Single copies of any of the issues can be had at ten cents each. The entire set, beginning with the first issue containing 'Tommy's Travels,' will be sent for ten cents, postage free."

Immediately upon the close of "Tommy's Travels" in the next, the September, issue of the JOURNAL, there will be commenced a two-part story by Mr. Stockton, entitled "As One Woman to Another." After that will be printed another short story by Mr. Stockton, entitled "Love Before Breakfast." Succeeding this there will be other short stories by Mr. Stockton, all written in his happiest vein.

A SUMMER ROSE

BY FRANCIS COURTNEY DAYLOR

WHAT so sweet as a summer rose! Why, a sweet woman, to be sure, any month or day of the month in all the year. The secret of the rose is that of the woman too, and we women should remember this whenever we take one of these exquisitely beautiful flowers into our hands and look deep into its glowing heart, admiring its beauty and rejoicing in its perfume.

This darling of Nature, with its exquisite hue, its petals velvet, soft, veined, almost translucent, smoother than marble, sentient, rejoicing apparently in its own life and loveliness—this miracle of beauty with its heart of gold, its breath of Heaven, has its secret, has a word for you and a word for me. It has been set in a hard soil perhaps, and had a bleak exposure. What deep snows, what icy blasts, what nipping frosts, what drenching rains, what scant sunshine has it got in the past winter? Silently, patiently, meekly has it received them all, and in the depths of its lovely nature, by a physical alchemy that has the power of a spiritual principle, it transfigures them all into this thing of wonder and delight, and pours its fragrance out upon evil and good, high and low, young and old, until it dies and drops back upon the bosom that gave it life. It knows the full sweetness of being sweet. It knows the blessedness of giving graciously, the best to all who approach it. It knows how to make the world more fair and more fragrant for even its short life, and gives as much glory to Him "in whose hand is the breath of every living thing." It knows the deep joy that lies at the heart of pain, and it has power to soothe by its beauty and fragrance.

"Happiness, my fellow-creatures and earth-born companions," says this preacher, who, like Chaucer's priest, follows itself the law it lays down, "happiness does not lie in anything we get, but in what we give. Then let us imitate the rose and let every life that touches ours in every day be the brighter and sweeter for our existence if only by a word—a breath of love. Let us give to all alike, and give our best as does the summer rose."

HAND-PAINTED CHOCOLATE-SET

By Anna T. Roberts



THIS pretty chocolate-set consists of five cups and saucers—each with a different decoration—the regulation pot, and a small tray, on which the pot is intended to stand. The tray makes a very pretty cake-plate, and may be used for that purpose if desired. The designs are painted directly on white china in the mineral colors, the dainty little sprays and single flowers contrasting harmoniously with the rich gold employed in painting the handles, scrolls and the fancy patterns between. One will feel repaid for the time and labor spent in decorating this chocolate-set, as the result will be found most effective when carefully executed. The designs may also be used for the decoration of tea

COLORS FOR THE VIOLETS

It will be well to make some of the violets quite dark to give variety; others, again, may be painted in lighter tones of purple. The colors must not be painted heavily, or the delicate effect will be lost. Put the tints on, after the under color has thoroughly dried, in thin, transparent washes. If this is not done the under color will work up in the painting and ruin your work; no amount of stippling will give it its former smooth texture, and you will have to wipe off all the color and begin painting your flower over again.

SOME FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

If you wish satisfactory results—I speak now to inexperienced china painters—and if you observe these suggestions it will save needless disappointment in the end. The centres of the violets are painted with silver yellow and shaded with yellow brown; sometimes a little orange dot is used to bring out the effect instead of the yellow brown. Either capucine red or deep red brown mixed with silver yellow will give the correct shade for this. The stems and leaves are laid in with different shades of green, making some a bright yellowish green, while others, especially the larger leaves, are painted in darker tones. For the lighter ones use apple green and a small quantity of silver yellow, shading with brown green. For the dark leaves chrome and brown green will be found useful with brown 17 for the darker accents. Vein and outline some of the leaves with violet of iron. The lid, handles, scrolls and the lace-like patterns between some of the scrolls, as well as the under edge of the chocolate pot and cups, are to be finished with gold, which will give a very handsome and rich effect to the whole set.

A VIOLET SUGAR-BOWL

THE design for the sugar-bowl in Illustration No. 3 is intended to match the chocolate pot, tray and one of the cups and saucers, so that a whole chocolate-set can be carried out with the violet decoration. If any of the other flowers are preferred to the violets they can be easily used, with very little alteration. The violets are painted with carmine No. 1, and deep ultramarine blue, while ruby purple and deep blue are the colors to use for shading and painting the darker violets. The centres of the violets are put in with silver yellow, shading with yellow brown or a touch of deep red brown. Silver yellow and apple green are useful for painting the stems and lighter leaves; these are shaded with brown green. The darker leaves can be laid in with brown and chrome greens, with brown 17 added to these for the darker touches. A wash of yellow brown over some of the brighter leaves greatly tones down the effect of the greens. The handles, fancy knob on the lid, scroll-work and lattice-work pattern between the scrolls, are all finished with gold, like the chocolate-pot.

CHOCOLATE-POT—VIOLET DECORATION (Illus. No. 1)

or after-dinner coffee cups if desired, and, with very little alteration, will be found to be very pretty for the decorating of other china articles as well.

DECORATION OF VIOLETS

AS violets are great favorites in china painting just now they will form the decoration of the chocolate-pot in Illustration No. 1, chocolate-tray in Illustration No. 2, violet sugar-bowl in Illustration No. 3, and cup and saucer in Illustration No. 4. Directions for painting them in the mineral colors are as follows: The violets to be laid in with a thin wash of deep ultramarine blue and carmine No. 1 mixed together; shade with deep blue and ruby purple. Some china painters prefer using violet of gold with blue for painting violets, but this color is very expensive, and I think the colors I have given will be found entirely satisfactory for decorating this exquisite chocolate-set.

THE YELLOW JASMINE

PAIN the flowers and buds on the cup and saucer in Illustration No. 5 with silver yellow, shading with yellow brown. For some of the greenish leaves in these flowers a small touch of brown green may be mixed with the yellow to give a good effect. The silver yellow must be put on delicately if a light shade is desired, as yellows are apt to come from the kiln a more brilliant tint if the color is put on thickly; it is well to remember this, for it is much easier to darken the color for a second firing than have the tint come out a bright crude yellow, which will be found almost impossible to tone down, and must be left as it is, fired into the china and cannot be rubbed off. Paint the stems of the jasmine with yellow brown, with violet of iron or brown 108 for the darker touches. The leaves, which are a dark glossy green, are painted with chrome and brown green, to which a small quantity of deep ultramarine blue has been added; shade with brown 17. Make the calyx of the flowers, also the stems, a lighter green than the leaves; apple green with silver yellow, shaded with violet of iron will be the colors to use for this. This yellow jasmine cup and saucer are very beautiful if the design be carefully carried out and the colors carefully chosen and delicately applied.

CLOVER CUP AND SAUCER

PUT a thin wash of carmine No. 1 over the clover blossoms, in Illustration No. 6, to which a small quantity of flux has been added; this imparts a fine glaze to the pink when fired, otherwise the carmine will come out a dull shade of pink, almost entirely without any glaze, but be careful not to use too much of the former, and see that it is rubbed down with the palette knife to a smooth consistency before using. While the color (carmine No. 1) is still wet, work in a little green, say apple green, on the shadow side of the clover heads; do not let it spread too much into the part catching the light. Let this dry, and work up the blossoms with ruby purple mixed with carmine, using a very fine-pointed brush. The high lights can be wiped or scratched out when finished. The clover leaves are painted with apple green and silver yellow, qualified with gray No. 1, which gives a soft, pleasing tone, shading the leaves with brown and chrome greens, also brown 17 or 108. Paint some of the leaves a cool green; for this neutral gray and chrome green can be used. The handle and under part of the cup, also the scrolls and spider-webs, are all to be done in gold, making a very rich effect.

CORN-FLOWER CUP AND SAUCER

PAIN the little corn flowers on the cup and saucer in Illustration No. 8 delicately with deep blue green (this is not a green, as its name implies, but a bright blue, much used in painting blue flowers); shade with deep ultramarine blue. If the color appears too bright a thin wash of gray No. 1 will tone it down. The stems are painted with ruby purple. The leaves are a soft sage green. These may be put in with brown green or chrome green and

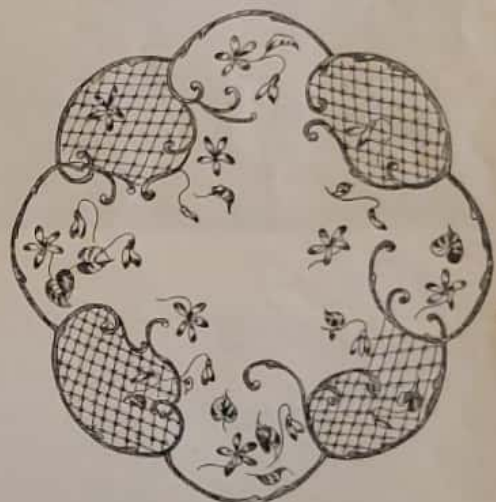


A VIOLET SUGAR-BOWL (Illus. No. 3)

neutral gray. The calyx of the flowers, stems and buds partake of a lighter green; for this shade apple green and silver yellow can be used, shading with violet of iron. Finish the handle, under part of the cup, scrolls and stars with gold.

MANETTA-VINE CUP AND SAUCER

THE flowers of this vine, shown in Illustration No. 7, are a bright scarlet, with a yellow edge at the top of each flower. Use for this silver yellow, while



TRAY OR CAKE-PLATE—VIOLETS (Illus. No. 2)

capucine red, shaded with deep red brown, can be used for painting the rest. The leaves are rather cool in tone, which contrast pleasantly with the brighter tints of the flowers, and set them off to greater advantage. Brown green, shaded with violet of iron or brown 17, can be used for painting the leaves; chrome green and neutral gray can also be used for some of the leaves in shadow. The handles and edges of cup and saucer to be done in gold.



VIOLETS (Illus. No. 4)

YELLOW JASMINE (Illus. No. 5)

CLOVER (Illus. No. 6)

MANETTA-VINE (Illus. No. 7)

CORN-FLOWER (Illus. No. 8)

POLITENESS IN TWO COUNTRIES

By Grace Ellery Channing



W I hear a great deal—and justly—of Italian courtesy. Those who have dwelt in all the countries of Europe willingly concede the palm for gracious manners to the gentle race who use the "salute." An Italian prides himself upon "gentilezza" as his birthright. The worst you can say of any one in Italy is that he is "mal-educato"—not educated—using, as they do, education in the sense of refinement, breeding, culture, and not clumsily confining it, as we do, with instruction merely.

NOW this same Italian *gentilezza* is a genuine and genuinely beautiful thing. No one can be twenty-four hours in Italy without noting the gracious reply to the questioner, the ready greeting, the courteous bearing and smiling attention which add a charm to the mere minimum of life. It is far pleasanter, for instance, to hear from a smiling conductor, "Signora, favor me with your ticket," than to have a rough hand thrust at you with the blunt demand, "Ticket!" And there is something very charming, too, in the ready relation between a small boy's hat and his hand, in that training so long a part of the race that it has become instinct in the individual, by which the tiniest gentleman can do the graceful thing gracefully and as if it were the only natural thing. Yes, all this is true and beautiful and striking; but there is another side to it which Americans cannot afford to forget.

We are accused of a national boastfulness; there is something we should be very well justified in making our national boast, and that is the breeding, the courtesy, the chivalry without rival or parallel of our American men. Against the land of *gentilezza* and the native courtiers who inhabit it, the "bruncho among nations" with its native horde of barbaric Americans may lift up its head fearlessly, for a land of comparative paladins! The final test of true gentleness must always be the bearing of the stronger to the weaker, the powerful to the less powerful. And the finest flower of national courtesy is the respect and homage the men of a nation yield to its women. Measured thus, no men in all the world are so truly gentle and chivalrous as the American men. No women receive anything like the consideration of the American women.

LOOK for a moment at the courteous Italian. It is perfectly true that even an Italian boy is never surprised out of his manners. If you—a "signora"—run upon him at the angle of the stairs or a street corner, he flashes off your path, and his hat comes off with a special and grace which do not inhere in the American boy's hat or nature. But it is equally true that if you—an overladen landlubber or domestic—chance to encounter him so, he will quite as probably push ruthlessly past with less than no courtesy. It is true that an Italian gentleman will do you a gallantry or a service, if he is inclined, with a charm translatable by no other, but he will, and he does, sit unmoved in car or tram and let you clamber in or out with your heavy portmanteau or arms full of packages without lifting a finger in your aid. He will, and he does, stand by the letter box conversing with a friend or simply fixing you with a cool stare, keeping you waiting his good pleasure to post your letters, and then you may do it as you best can. He will, and he does, crowd by you on every possible occasion where there is an advantage, or merely a seat to be obtained. He will do this not once, but twenty times, not to-day only, but every day. You are only a woman, what business have you about anyway? I leave out entirely the vast class who, since you are a woman and about, feel at full liberty to insult and annoy you to a greater or less extent.

It will be said that all this is the natural outcome of the different position of women in Europe and in America. Just precisely! It is the freedom of American woman which has enabled her in the eyes of American men, and given her a status and secured her a respect impossible to a creature in a state of tutelage. But what matter for the origin? We are speaking of the fact. And it is needless to discuss here whether man's chivalry first gave woman her freedom, or her freedom commanded his chivalry. We are speaking of the fact, and the fact is that she is ennobled and is rapidly importing her freedom across the ocean, where we may hope the chivalry will follow. Thanks to the armies of our women students, already the phrase "She is an American" makes possible and safe, though not always and altogether pleasant, whatever degree of freedom you may choose to take when you are temporarily residing in Europe.

It is interesting to learn how both men and women appear to Italian eyes, and it is doubly satisfactory to bolster up the supposed prejudice of one's views by a foreigner's. A clever and observant Italian gentleman went from Italy to the World's Fair last summer. He sent back his impressions, for which one American feels personally obliged—they were more than a little instructive.

He had hardly been out of port twenty-four hours when his attention was distracted from the saloon furnishings and the luxurious appointments of the floating palace by the omnipresent American woman, and he began to study her—with commentaries—on shipboard. How perfectly at home she was, how always well dressed, how gay and how graceful; how merily she adapted herself to the inconveniences, how calmly she ignored the discomforts, how self-possessed and self-possessed she was, making herself agreeable to every gentleman on board and taking admirable care of her children. He began to ask himself, he says, whether in the same circumstances the ladies of his own land would have not been a good deal irked by these days of sea life; whether they would not have suffered a good deal under the inconveniences, and whether they would not, also, have made us, their masculine companions, suffer also? He concluded that the American system of education possessed certain advantages; but he would not be understood, he added hastily, as a loyal gentleman should, for a single moment to elevate any woman to a place in his admiration above his poetic and adorable countrywomen. Nevertheless there was something admirable in these Americans.

PRESENTLY he arrived in New York—but first, so did a friend of mine, an American woman, after a long European absence. From force of habit she looked about her for a *facchino* to take her hand baggage. Not a porter was in sight; she had barely time to think to herself, "how American," before two gentlemen hastened forward and cordially insisted upon carrying her bags and bundles. That, too, was "how American."

The whole tale of national differences is in that nutshell. In Europe you might or you might not find a *facchino*, but what is certain is that no elegant gentleman would disturb his mind about it. If *facchini* were scarce he would crowd by you in order to secure one first, if possible, and then walk off leaving you to your destiny and to your bundles.

To return to our particular Italian; he arrived in New York, promptly decided that in the matter of customs "all the world is one country," and then gave himself intelligently to observing, admiring and criticizing the city. He had come from the land of functionaries, in which municipal guards with a great deal of cocked hat, silver epaulettes, dangling sword and blue and scarlet pervade the streets in pairs; and one of the things which first struck him was the small number of policemen holding in order "the immense and active city," and the high respect shown for these few men, "distinguished only by a somewhat ridiculous cap" (one must own that the municipal guards are prettier to look at), and possessing no arms—prevailing by a glance, by a sign of the hand, by a single word.

BUT what seized above all the imagination of this inhabitant of the land of *gentilezza*—himself of the gentler, if his letters may be unconscious witness for him—was again the American woman and the place she occupies; incidentally he pays this tribute to our American men:

The women go about alone; they have their business, their life of work and of effort, and they go ever numerous and ever respected. They are sure always of a seat, because the Americans, even to the lowest classes of the people, compete to offer the most comfortable place to a woman, and that with a courtesy perfectly natural and spontaneous. It is one of the so small proofs of the respect which they have for women here; one of the so small grains of incense burnt upon her altar, and this sincere and continuous devotion to the gentle sex is like a fine and delicate perfume which does the spirit good and strengthens it, and makes one pardon many things in the character of the "business man." Women work constantly in the offices of merchants, in the magazines of public sale; they hold posts of importance and render services highly prized, while the attitude of the most profound respect, the most sincere regard surrounds them everywhere.

So says our Italian, and perhaps only the American woman out of America realizes how well worth the saying it is, and how true that the women of our own country are at home treated always with the courtesy and consideration which, as women, they are entitled to.

THE WOMAN WITHOUT FEELING

By MARY JOHNSTON



WITTY and sympathetic men once said to me: "I would rather marry a woman who looked feelings and had none than a woman who had feelings and looked none." Of course the saying came more from his wit than his sympathy, but I could not help feeling that there were moments when I could agree with him, although I have known the value and the services of the woman with no feelings to be underestimated.

My daughters have a friend—a woman only a little past girlhood—whose company is more sought after and relished than that of almost any one I know. She has admirers by the score and acquaintances everywhere, and no wonder, for she is cultivated, always cheerful, and will listen to and rally the poorest talker. She is asked to everything in the shape of a feast, for she is the amusement and relaxation of whoever may be about her. At the same time, whenever her praises are sounded the eulogy winds up with the inevitable and disheartening tag, "After all, you know, she has no feelings."

And this is perfectly true. Quick and comprehending as is her smile, and graceful as is her glance while one is talking to her, there is always the conviction that not a trace of real interest is involved. If she only had a heart the girl would be an angel.

I like the old-fashioned word. And when I have been alone with her I have often wanted to say, "My dear, do be an angel!" But she has no heart. If she were to marry a foreigner and go abroad to live she would leave us all without a moment's regret. So her friends are vexed with her want of feeling, and warn the world against her.

And this is what seems to me unjust. Take this girl as she is. Whether it is her nature or not she never refuses the challenge to be agreeable; whatever her own plans and likings are she never betrays impatience when they are crossed. Her companion may be plain, awkward and tiresome, but her eye and her gay little joke are never dulled for that reason. In fine, she may be the incarnation of the light which shines but does not warm, yet while she keeps a whole circle in good humor by her wit, as she does, it is a poor return to gird at her.

Again, and speaking now of a widely different type, I can call to mind older women, often only the survivors of a more rigid era—exact, severe, stern, unbending and ruling their households with a rod of iron. How little this generation understands them! How little merit it allows to the implicit faith in duty, the untiring devotion to work, the almost fanatic hatred of waste and self-indulgence, and the Spartan maxims of life in which they were brought up and which they still observe. What has become of our eyes that we cannot see the beauty of such lives? Why do we no longer recognize their value? These are not the women who have feelings but look none; they are without feelings at all, according to the standards of our new, diversified and exacting society.

I hear young girls saying that their grandmothers or aunts, or what you please, don't understand them, and, really, I think that many older people than these schoolgirls make just the same absurd complaint. I can appeal with safety to every one: Who has not known one of these same stern women almost bring the dead to life by her powers of nursing, or content poverty single-handed and maintain her family on a beggar's pittance, or save a falling household by simple economy and hard work? I shall be told that all these things are admitted. But that is just the point, they are not. If they were, the cry of "no feelings" would never be raised, out of very shame. I know an old lady who has had the misfortune to live a long life and to see all her descendants grow up unable to "understand" her. She is of the old, unsparring sort, and they, artistic, original, clever, modern people, have no place for her either in their theories or their interests. With these her notions can scarcely be expected to agree either, yet the complaints come not from her, but from them. They are not complaints in words; they are complaints crystallized into entire disregard for the old school, which does not, as it cannot, wholly sympathize with them. It seems to take an outsider like myself to see what I do see, that without this erect, white-haired ancestress, who is apparently so separate from them all, wives and husbands both would have to teach themselves the fortitude which she communicates merely by her presence; their households would be dragging on without the strong axes, so to speak, which she put in almost unnoticed for each newly-married couple, and the whole family, now held together in an unusual vigor, would soon fall apart and be dispersed.

I believe there must be many such cases. I have the deepest respect for these strong, unbending characters who do not conceal their utter intolerance of our self-centered modern methods.

It has been my fortune—my good fortune I consider it—to travel much upon the American continent, and I never have received but one piece of discourtesy, and that was from an Englishman, of whom never thinking he might not be a compatriot—I was so blighted as to inquire whether the car I had hastily boarded was a through car or not. His reply after a prolonged stare was, "There's a placard outside." From my own countrymen I have received nothing but courtesies and kindnesses which linger in my memory indeed like "a fine and delicate perfume, doing the spirit good." To be an American girl or woman traveling alone—or rather to be a girl or woman in America traveling alone—is to have, not one protector, but a score, to be the particular charge of every man who is traveling in your direction. I have in mind such countless instances, not only of the flowers gathered at momentary stopping places, the ice conjured up in hot deserts, the cups of cold water in thirsty places and warming comforts in cold ones, all the numberless little daily miracles perpetually operated in one's favor by strangers, but also graver services in moments of emergency. How many times a lost pocketbook, an accidental detention or a missed train has given birth to a kindly conspiracy, strangers opening their pocket-books, setting in motion telegraph wires and even trains, expending time and assuming trouble naturally and simply as a thing which belonged to them of course. Thanks to the freedom with which even our girls travel, such emergencies will arise not infrequently; thanks to our men they may arise and no one be the worse for them.

I do not mean in the least that there are not Italian gentlemen capable of an equal kindness. I do not forget that my very entrance into Europe was made beautifully easy by the kindness of an Italian gentleman who had lived long in America. And that there are others who have fared as graciously I do not doubt; but the experience of every hour forces one to the belief that this, which with us is courtesy so ordinary as to be only remarkable when missed, is still in Italy courtesy extraordinary.

THE American woman, as she pokes and elbows her weary way about among these courteous *signori*, remembers many things. She remembers how, let her enter the busy post-offices of great Eastern cities or rushing Western towns, she is ceded a place and pushed to the front of a line of driving business men, none too busy or driven to wait for a woman; how her letters are taken from her hands to be mailed, her fare to be passed to the conductor, her packages that she may climb into a car or cross a muddy street; how seats in elevators and trains spring up for her; how, at her approach, in elevators, on the stairways of hotels, everywhere, hats are quickly removed in silent homage of recognition that she is a woman, not as in Europe some woman, but simply a woman. Finally she remembers that this is not true of any part or portion of her country alone—that she may travel over wide America, north and south and east and west, and the shrewd commercial Yankee, the rushing New York business man, the languid Southerner, the bluff and breezy Westerner, will all burn for her these "little grains of incense" before the altar of her womanhood. They may be little but they stand for a great fact. They mean that everywhere in her own land she is an honored presence.

It has been said that the American man is the only man who can do a woman a service without looking at her; he is also the only man who can look at her as at another individual soul, a creature related to his mother, wife and sister, and not merely the *fenelle de l'homme*. That is not in the European man. He is gallant, he is flattering, he can be all that is charming, he may nurse a poetic *rêve* of the young girl, the budding woman, he may have an individual respect for some individual woman or women he knows, but reverence for womanhood as womanhood is not his.

On the other hand this reverence, however often desecrated, is, in American manhood, making of many a rough, helter-skelter schoolboy (who rarely knows where his hat is anyway) a "brother of girls," in the beautiful Arab phrase, and of many a bustling, hard-worked business man "a very pariait gentle knight" where women are concerned. No one professes that our men are perfect, in truth. We say only that our men are far in advance of other men in their treatment of women. Such as it is that advance is their honor and our glory, and ought to be matter of personal pride to every boy and girl in the land of which it is true. Patriotism does not mean only devotion to one's flag, it means the kindling love and enthusiasm for every trait of national nobility and the burning shame for every trait of national weakness. As Americans, then, we may lift our heads high, remembering that our land, which is so often reproved for her faults of youth, has been first among the nations of the earth to fix her glory in the freedom of her women and the chivalry of her men.



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1. When once I love, I love for ev - er, For -
 2. Long since, in summer's balm - y weath - er, He

ev - er af - ter and a day, And faith - ful - ly do I en - deav - or To prove that I am his for aye. I
 sung to me love's tune - ful lay, When roam - ing thro' the fields to - geth - er; Life then to me was in its May. We'd

know too well how I must lin - ger For joys a - lone that he can give; Then why does Cu - pid keep me wait - ing, Out
 wan - der thro' the per - fumed clo - ver; My hours seem'd one e - ter - nal bliss, My face bright red with maiden's blush - es As

of love's sunshine I can't live. } Love that is near - est, love that is dear - est, Oh for a word such a love to de - fine!
 he would boldly steal a kiss. }

Con amore.

Love that is fair - est, tru - est and rar - est, Ten - der and ho - ly, such true love is mine. mine.....

MUD-IMPRISONED WOMEN

By John Gilmer Speed

It has been truly said that the common highways of a country are at once the means and the measure of its civilization. This being the fact it is most astonishing that the United States has in it the worst system of common roads of any country enjoying a stable government. Those who have thought upon this important subject it has long been conceded that the wretched country roads in the United States entail upon the industries of the people the most serious tax with which they are burdened. Indeed, if there were any method by which the weight of this burden could be computed I am persuaded that it would be found to be greater than all of the taxes levied by National, State, city and county laws combined. And yet the lawmakers in this country as a general thing treat this great question as one of only slight importance—a question that each neighborhood should solve for itself or permit to go unsolved. As long as this indisposition on the part of the lawmakers lasts the road question is likely in its larger aspects to remain unsolved.

But in the meantime much may be done by forces hitherto not enlisted in the ranks of the road improvers to ameliorate the sad conditions now existing, for any marked improvement in the roads of a neighborhood teaches the people thereof lessons that mere arguments never could. I allude to the wives and the daughters of the farmers of the United States. If they will cast the weight of their influence with the men who are earnestly laboring to improve the condition of the common highways then a great advance will have been made in the good cause.

THE average American village twenty years ago was about as unlovely as possible. During the last two decades, however, there has been a great and gratifying improvement in the majority of Eastern villages, and it may be that there has been a similar improvement in other parts of the country. But of this I cannot speak with personal knowledge. Now the improvement in the beauty and the comforts of American villages is due almost entirely to the women who organized village improvement societies and worked with a wise and cheerful zeal that produced wonderful results at small expense. These changes and improvements have made village life at once pleasanter and more wholesome, for they have resulted in both an improved social and material condition. In the first instance these women were moved by social considerations entirely; the material betterment was but the inevitable corollary. The successes of the women of American villages in improving the streets, the sidewalks, the shade trees, the lawns and the drainage of their towns, should encourage them now in cooperation with the wives and daughters of farmers to participate in the agitation for better country roads, and to assist in the solution of this most serious and sadly neglected problem.

At the first casual glance it might seem to many women that the betterment of the common roads was a subject for men entirely, as men alone can work on the roads and as men are the chief users of the country highways. But when the subject is considered a little and looked at from its social aspect it will be seen that women who live in the country are vitally interested, for, as a matter of fact, they are the greatest sufferers from the present roads, which in summer are merely streaks of dust and the better part of the rest of the year only stretches of mud. Dust is disagreeable and can be endured; mud, however, makes of the farmhouses of the land prisons from which escape is most difficult.

THE idea that the unthinking city people have is that no life is so wholesome and peaceful as that on a farm. It is peaceful and it ought to be wholesome. But under existing circumstances it is not wholesome because it is too peaceful, too uneventful. The household drudge who has unending course of duties that makes one day but an unpleasant repetition of every other day, if she be a woman of ambitious spirit and nervous temperament, is under the present conditions of her surroundings, an imprisoned woman—a mud-imprisoned woman. Than worry produced by a dissatisfied condition, there is no worse dysman.

This disease blossoms into full flower and grows with ever-increasing vigor so long as the condition that produced it is maintained. We get used to monotony just as a convict in the penitentiary gets used to the unrelenting course of his life. But we like it no better after we get used to it than the convict likes the life enforced upon him. We should, as quickly as possible, liberate the mud-imprisoned woman.

It would be unfair, unquestionably, to argue that bad roads were entirely responsible for this hard condition and the sad consequences. But it is entirely within the truth to say that the bad roads do more to bring about that condition than any other thing—more, indeed, than all other things combined. This condition does not exist in the agricultural sections of those countries where there are good roads. Agricultural France, Germany and England, notwithstanding the fearful burden entailed by the great armies, which for twenty years and more have been kept on a war footing, are socially content and healthy even though not materially so. This is due to the fact that man's natural and uncontrollable gregariousness is not suppressed by impassable highways at those seasons of the year when there is some leisure for social intercourse. In England and in France, notwithstanding the density of the population, families five miles apart are near neighbors and well acquainted with each other. When they feel inclined they can visit each other without hindrance, either riding, driving or walking. But in America a visit of that distance from home must be a matter for consideration and preparation, and not a mere matter of course, influenced by a passing whim or a momentary inclination. For the women of a farm to go five miles from home with the country roads in their present condition is much more of an undertaking than a journey from Philadelphia to New York, and as a general thing, when these infrequent visits are made the time consumed in traveling over the muddy roads is actually greater than in the railway journey mentioned.

THERE are old fogies—they miscall themselves old-fashioned—who argue that because there have never been any better roads in this country than the present highways, and because our grandfathers and grandmothers got along pretty well in the olden time that the necessity of better roads is imaginary rather than real. But these dull folk miss the mark in this contention in the same way that they miss it in many other regards. They forget that the times since the youth of our grandparents have changed. The development of the railways, the extension of the electric telegraph, the introduction of the telephone, and above all the growth of the newspaper, have so quickened the life-blood of the American people that they do not seem to be quite of the same race as their ancestors of sixty or seventy years ago. There is a feeling of unrest in the very air that we breathe, and this atmosphere—not so charged, perhaps, with the elixir of change in the country as in the towns, but nevertheless full enough of it there—extends over the whole countryside, and the young men and young women look about them with hale for the loneliness of their surroundings and a longing for the lights, the pavements, the crowds, the bustle, the animation of the city streets. And what is more, the strongest, the most venturesome, the most self-reliant, turn away from the old homesteads with their outlying fields and their wretched roads hub-drenched in mud, and flock to the towns and cities already overcrowded with people seeking the opportunities that come only to the fortunate few. If the best be always taken from the country and given to the towns the result in a few generations will be most deplorable.

BAD roads contribute more than any other thing to this feeling of dissatisfaction among the young people; the departure of the young people makes farm life more tiresome and less cheery than it was before. It seems inexplicable that American lawmakers, when these facts have been pointed out to them over and over again, should still persist in regarding the road problem as unimportant. But they do so regard it, and it is necessary before any progress can be made toward better things, to recognize that they do. When we have reached this stage we are at the point where women individually and collectively, that is, each woman acting on her own account and all women working in cooperation, can effectively assist in the solution of one of the very gravest public problems that confront the American people. The men of the present and the men of the near future must be educated to know how grievously they are burdened and hampered by the sorry roads which connect village with village and farm with farm. If the women of America will take up this work of education the lessons will be surely and profitably learned, and we will not much longer be ashamed to have our country roads compared with those of other countries. And there could be no better time than this for the women of America to begin their intervention in this matter. The home is where the best lessons are learned. Let the road lesson be taken up at once.

HUMAN slavery rested like a hideous blot upon this country until one woman so spoke that she aroused thousands of her sisters to feel as she did on the subject. Then the minds of the men and women became educated to comprehend, and the consciences of them awakened to feel the sin, the shame, the hideous injustice of this barbaric relic, and emancipation was inevitable. In this road reform we need to use very similar methods to gain success. If we can once enlist the women on the proper side, and make them realize that they are the chief sufferers from bad roads, then we will have half won the battle. A bad road in a neighborhood is a disgrace to that neighborhood and a condemnation of the civilization of the neighborhood and society; it is cruel to both man and beast; it is a hindrance to material and social advancement; it is a menace to posterity. Some Eastern peoples have reverence only for their ancestors and worship their dead; for their Western world civilization demands that we should reverence our ancestors and also have wise forethought for those to whom in the future we will bear the relation of ancestors. To them, though not yet born, we have the gravest responsibility. Not the least of these is that we should attend this question of the betterment of the common roads, instead of leaving it to them unsolved, as our ancestors left it to us. With good, hard, well-drained roads of easy grade as the rule, instead of the rare exception in this country, life in the agricultural sections would be an entirely different thing. The fertile fields would yield their golden plenty, and the husbandman would gather a profit with his crops; the women and children would be released from their dispiriting captivity; a wholesome content would replace weariness and despair, and agricultural life would soon be restored to its rightful place as the most independent, the most honorable and the most useful of all the employments of man.

COLLEGE GIRLS' ROOMS

By ANNA ISABEL WILLIS

OR all sorts of striking and novel devices commend me to the rooms of college girls. I should say some college girls, because many inhabit rooms which are as bare almost as the cell of a nun. But if there is any new and easy way of making much out of little, turning plain things into pretty and re-creating generally, the average college girl is sure to find it. It is as natural to a room as to construct a ravishing costume for some "fancy dress ball," or for the amateur theatricals with which girls with a talent for acting delight to amuse and edify their classmates and instructors. It is these who arrange the folds of a tennis net so bewitchingly that its meshes snare many a word of admiration. The inventive power of the young woman who has a tennis net to find room for, sets to work and the result is a graceful drape over the pictures, extending half way around the room. Or it may be the net is arranged as a frieze, looped at intervals with ribbon, rackets being placed at corners. Possibly there is a screen which serves to hide the toilet-table, and the net may be disposed over this, falling in long, clinging folds and loops so as to be a real ornament to an otherwise plain screen. Every college girl should try to possess a screen as part of the furnishing of her room; it will serve her in many ways and it may be said to be almost indispensable.

Two young women once roomed together at college in an almost hopelessly ugly apartment, in which the distance from floor to ceiling seemed to be greater than the other dimensions. How to seem to lessen the height was a puzzle which taxed the resources of even these girls, but they finally solved it by fastening around the walls at the top a straight strip of dark cambric, which answered for a frieze. Upon this they pasted all sorts of colored paper figures, mathematical, suggestive and grotesque, and the effect was really admirable. Fans make a good frieze or upper wall decoration. Either the spreading kind or the round ones with handles may be used. If ceiling ornament is wanted three or four open fans of bright colors may be arranged in a circle so that their sticks all converge to the same centre, one of these circles being placed at each corner of the room, a foot or two from the angle, a fifth in the centre.

Another successful bit of invention was that which transformed a tennis racket (out of season) into a photograph holder. The tiny card photographs which have been so popular were stuck in the interstices between the strings, and, placed regularly on the racket, looked very well.

The college "dig" does not decorate her room. She has not time. Day and night she is at her books, and the apartment she occupies goes unadorned and undusted. It matters little, for she has no time to make acquaintances or friends, so no one but herself suffers. The bureau stands in the worst light and back against the wall, instead of being pulled out and placed attractively cornerwise. There are no pic-

tures on the walls, no ornaments about and no cover for the plain study table. I always feel sorry for freshmen at college, unless their homes are very near. If they come from a distance they must come with only a limited stock of room adornments, and because they have no means of knowing what sort of furniture and carpets they will find, the color of walls and woodwork, the spaces available for pictures, the size of the bureau and table tops are unknown to them, and the only way to do is to live in a plain room and wait until the first vacation to stock up with the things required.

Suppose a room at college contains simple and necessary furniture of walnut, oak or cherry, including bedstead, bureau, washstand, chairs and study table, also a bookcase or set of shelves. The college girl at once softens the light from the high window by a half curtain of Madras lace, scrim, cheese-cloth or silkoline. If she wishes to be very economical she does not buy a rod and rings, but procures on some ramble a pole of slender white birch, from which she suspends her curtain. It looks very pretty, too, and adds to the jaunty air which the room will have when she has arranged it to her liking. Next she attacks the bureau, setting it against an attractive position and a good light. If she is addicted to scarfs she will drape one over the glass. In her few leisure moments she constructs a bureau-cover of dotted Swiss, perhaps the figures in it being worked over with colored silk to match the lining of cambric. If she is very particular she sews the Swiss carefully to the lining, but—surely it is no secret that college students are "raised to death"—often she pins it hastily together, and it answers just as well for her temporary home. Perhaps she will prefer a bureau covering of linen ornamented with drawn-work or outline stitching, or a set made of dark felt with diagonal bands of contrasting plush, stretched over an easel, on which stands a picture—framed, if the term's allowance will admit, if not, without. Either way it is an ornament. Some cat-tails, Florida moss and dried grasses are arranged over pictures on the wall. If she is clever she generally improvises pretty and inexpensive frames for her photographs, and everywhere they are in evidence.

Her books do not nearly fill the bookcase but this does not daunt her. She puts all the volumes at one side, and across the top of the case fastens a pole of birch bark or a light cane, from which she hangs a curtain to match that at the window.

There is a vacant space by the door, which a chair does not fill. There is nothing else in the room to put there, but the inventive young woman has brought a flat-topped trunk with her. It is put in the unfilled space, the top being slightly padded; a cover of cretonne with a plaid valance is put on it; two unused pillows are also covered with the same, a big rosette of the stuff being sewed in each corner, and behold! a neat little couch or divan. Her steamer chair is fitted up with cretonne-covered cushions to match the couch, and a head-rest of the same stuff is tied on with ribbons. Over the table is spread a cloth of plain or decorated felt, or an ornamented scarf, and her pens, pencils, ink-bottles, etc., are arranged thereon. Here, also, are placed her fancy pen-rack, paper-weight, cutter and writing tablet, if she fortunately possesses them. If the bed stands in the room she studies in the college girl covers it each morning after making it with a spread of dark cretonne or flannel, and draws slips of the same over her pillows, setting them at the ends and back of the bed. Now she has a truly luxurious lounging place. Her chairs are made comfortable with cushions and gay with ribbons, her tennis cap hangs jauntily over one picture-frame corner, her hat—if she be a member of some boat crew—stands against the wall, and on the broad window seat is placed a fancy pitcher filled always with something from out-of-doors, daisies, field grasses, wild roses or gorgeous leaves, each in its season, and all delightfully fragrant and reminiscent of pleasant rambles in the woods or by the mountain side.

"It must look like a junk shop," some one says contemptuously. Well, what if it does? It pleases its occupant, and she is the only one who has to live there. She likes careless comfort, and though a trifle bizarre it certainly is attractive, and seems and feels like home to her. It is her own and only resting place, and lovely in her eyes.

There is only one danger: that our college girl may get more into her room than she can properly take care of. If she has the time, and chooses, there is no objection to her occupying all or half of Saturday in sweeping, brushing off cushions, dusting pictures and ornaments, and shaking out scarfs, rugs and bureau-covers. But it is not right to have more than she can keep clean, nor so much that she has to neglect her studies in order to make her room neat, and here is where she must bring her common sense to bear on her surroundings. Nothing is more daintily refined than a young girl's room that is carefully cared for, but there is sometimes another and a less pleasant side to the picture.

THE BROWNIES AT NEWPORT

By Palmer Cox



WHEN summer brought around the days so noted for the golden haze
 That noon makes people seek the shade
 As through the town they promenade,
 Still hoping blessings may bring ease
 And rest to those who platted trees,
 The Brownies start as evening shade
 Was settling on the dewy glade.
 Said one: "This is the time of year
 When people of some means appear
 To weary of their homes in town,
 Or work, perhaps, that weighs them down,
 And closing up their doors they seek
 For pleasure on a mountain peak,
 Or turn their steps in haste to reach
 The joys found at an ocean beach."
 Another said: "We something know
 About the sea, for years ago
 We proved the truth, less or more,
 Of those who venture from the shore,
 But all the same there is a charm
 About the sea that will disarm
 The ready fears that whispering stand,
 Saying: 'praise the sea, but keep on land,'
 So I advise without delay
 We start upon our seaward way.



Not to a point or shaky pier
 Where few convenient things are near,
 But to some place of high estate
 Where wealthy people congregate,

The surf, that now is rolling high,
 For if I guess the time aright,
 We've reached the middle point of night,
 And much we Brownies have to do
 Ere dons the East
 its purple hue.
 Few minutes passed away
 before
 The band stood on the
 sandy shore,
 Nor did they listen
 long with care
 To hear what waves were
 saying there.
 Some threw their outer
 clothes aside,
 Some as they were
 rushed in the tide,
 And rather than be lost
 to breast
 The wave that came with
 foaming crest



To study fashions, bathe and pose,
 Or ride in traps and tallyhoes,
 A little speech, a hint or two
 Of pleasures that are ever new

Wet every tag and stitch of dress
 Their scanty wardrobe did possess.

Will always answer like a good
 To start the Brownies on the road,
 The miles and leagues that
 must be crossed,
 However rough or well embossed
 With stumps and stones, by
 Brownies bright
 Are counted naught but matters light.
 And soon the hand so bold and spry
 The fashionable post drew nigh,
 And stood to view the buildings grand
 That stretched along the famous strand
 Where mingling thousands
 through the day
 Disport themselves as best they may,
 But night it was, and they could boast
 The right of way, and that's the most
 That Brownies care for; well endowed,
 Their wants are few, their spirits proud,
 Better betimes, and shut your door,
 And they'll not ask a favor more.
 Upon themselves be sure they'll wait,
 And think it not beneath their state,
 They'll find their way to every shelf,
 Nor ask your servant nor yourself
 To set the table, pass the cake,
 Or use the corkscrew for their sake.
 Said one: "It's pleasant to abide
 In town where care is laid aside,
 Where every thought of morrow lies
 In some sport-yielding enterprise.

Here beauty reigns,
 and rules
 the hour
 While
 circling
 subjects
 own
 her
 power,
 Here
 wealth
 and
 fashion
 tread
 a
 measure
 And life
 is one
 sweet
 draught
 of
 pleasure!"
 Another
 said
 - While
 here
 we'll try



More chance to find a fair supply
 Of costumes that were left to dry,
 And soon their tiny forms were lost
 Within the garments wrapped and crossed
 And gathered to take up the slack
 That showed in front and at the back,
 And at the sides and feet as well,
 Where cloth in great abundance fell.
 Sometimes the largest suit on hand
 Fell to the smallest in the band,
 And here and there he wildly flitted
 To find a robe that better fitted,
 While others cared not for the size,
 But, though enveloped to the eyes,
 Were just as pleased that happy hour
 As if it fitted like a dower.
 How fortunate are Brownie kind
 Who make the most of what they find,
 And pass along their given way
 As lively as the bees in May.
 Some spent the time they had on hand
 In learning how to boldly stand
 And tread the water there with ease,
 While more it seemed to greatly please
 To lie and float upon the wave
 As buoyant as a chip or stave.
 More dived so deep they brought their head
 In contact with the ocean's bed,
 And had they not been fitted out
 To be through life well knocked about,
 But great mishaps to still survive,
 Some scarce had left the place alive,
 Thus gifted in a manner high
 By nature, well may mortals sigh

And gravely ponder on
 their fate,
 Their slighted race and
 hampered state.
 The band has cause to bless
 the star
 Or planet that shed
 lustre far
 Through empty space and
 midnight shade,
 When they on earth their
 entrance made.
 No bathers fresh from
 dusty nooks
 Where calicoes, or shoes,
 or books,
 Engage their minds from
 day to day,
 Could plunge with such
 a great display
 Of joy into the billows
 white,
 That broke upon the beach
 that night.
 The wave that tries the
 vessel's side
 When rolling on the
 ocean wide,
 Makes oaken timbers creak
 and bend
 And sweeps the deck from
 end to end,
 Could hardly force the
 Brownie band

To quit the sport they had on hand,
 Down like a fish into the swell
 The rogues would soon themselves propel,

There out of sight and sound be lost
 To every friend, till wildly tossed
 Upon a crested wave they'd rise
 To greet the rest with joyful cries.
 Could mortals but have gained a peep
 At them while in that rolling deep,
 They would have been surprised, no doubt,
 To see the way they splashed about.
 There's not an art to swimmers known
 But cunning Brownies make their own.
 They swim like dogs, and swim like fish,
 And swim like serpents if they wish,
 Where using neither hands nor feet
 They wriggle through each wave they meet,
 In ways would make a person sigh
 Who scarce could keep a nose or eye
 Above the flood, however fast
 His feet and hands through water passed.
 Said one: "Tis not in rapid strokes
 Or kicks behind that Brownie folks



Put all dependence, as you see,
 But in peculiar gifts that we
 Could freely use if no set rules
 Were practiced in the swimming schools."
 Another said: "Tis not alone
 In water that our skill is shown,
 But on the skate or wheel as well,
 Or prancing horse, as stories tell,
 We hold our own in every case,
 And far excel the 'human' race."
 Time moves along, though fingers light
 May catch at moments in their flight,
 Though back the dial's hand we bring
 Or check the pendulum's honest swing,
 The sun is far beyond our way
 And opens wide the gates of day.
 So even Brownies don't neglect
 To pay the minutes due respect,
 But shape their actions to agree
 With time that moves so fast and free.
 That night offered many a freak
 Of which the Brownies long will speak,
 For many a ride and many a run
 And swim they had ere sport was done
 And roadway at the flush of dawn.



A FRIENDLY LETTER TO GIRL FRIENDS

*III—By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney



EAR girl friends: It has been the fashion with certain lecturers to put a prelude to their stated topic of some current or casual suggestion, of which they would disburden themselves, or by whose means they would touch a passing mood or need, before taking up the solid earnest of their regular subject. These impromptu bits will fit across the most orderly programmes of thought, feeling, action; sometimes, perhaps, they are worth seizing at the critical instant by the sprack sprinkling of a little ready salt upon their tails.

I WAS just about to sit down and take up my talk of books where I left it last time when I was called to look at a light swing-door which a carpenter was hanging for me at the head of a staircase. The high space overhead had been filled with pretty paneling, the door itself having a glass panel at the top. Now, the moment I glanced at it I saw, and said: "That glass is not set evenly. It is nearer the top on one side than on the other. It makes the whole thing look askew." Then the carpenter arose in his reticence of square and level and explained into the walls: "It couldn't be helped. You see, ma'am, the ceiling above isn't quite level. I had to make my panels square, and when I came to the door, and made my measures from edge and edge—four inches and five-eighths top and bottom—it came so. It had to come somewhere—can't crowd glass, you know." It is just three-sixteenths of an inch out of level at the top, as you say, but 'twasn't possible to help it, and I guess nobody else will notice it." "I shall notice it as long as I live in the house," I answered with the severe persistence of a walrus. "I shall have to hang a curtain over it. Why wasn't everything square from the beginning?" And I walked away thinking my own words over.

"Things weren't quite level at the beginning, and the difference had to come somewhere." If I could make that a lesson in life beforehand, to you girls, I wouldn't care for my out-of-plumb glass-light. It would even be a pleasant thing to look at, thinking that by recompense some little initial crookedness, and after inharmonious might be spared in some woman's lifetime. Set your beams of character true: cover them in every stage of work and shaping, of use or ornament, with even-measured perpendiculars and levels; and then, whatever in growth of building follows and depends, will be true fitted to the true; nothing can go awry. Otherwise, there must come and show somewhere an ugliness, a falseness; your house will have a visible, tell-tale flaw in it. That is what out of plumb means.

EVERYTHING we do is a part of house building, so talking of that is not talking aside from anything. A little more about it will bring us to where our concern with books comes in again. "House" is one of the great words of the Word; it signifies dwelling and dwelling place. Life building is the framing of the "house not made with hands," the habitation that endureth. Every individual builds his own; from threshold to gable and ridge-beam, all his work, act, motive go gradually into it; it is his, and he is to abide in it. The congregation of the houses of them who have built into eternal life—the beautiful communicating ways and neighborhoods among them—are the homes and societies of the blessed; they are the Heavenly city and the golden streets.

We are put here to begin from the foundations, which must be laid in the earth, yet of the solid, piled, cemented rock. Exact to the horizon must be set the sills; straightly perpendicular must rise the corner posts toward the zenith; parallel between must be planted every stud from stage to stage of the upgrowing; level must lie the cross-beams, joists and girders; at perfect angles must join the beam, rafters and ridge-pole—to complete the frame in symmetry and righteousness. The rock wall underneath is truth. The timbers are the principles that rest upon it, that shape and outline, span, support. They settle what the house is to be in form, capacity, proportion. You cannot go beyond them, or aside from them, in any outer case or finish. You cannot make a chamber in the house that is not first underlaid and pillared with them. They fashion your ideal, measure out your plan. A life without fixed, substantial principles is not a house. It may be a mud hovel, a tent, a cabin. The log-cabin, perhaps, stands type of sturdy beginnings of principles only, whose fittings and developments had to wait. They were better than form and finish only without foundation; paper houses, pasteboard boxes.

* Mrs. Whitney's former letters appeared in the *Journal* for December, 1903, and March, 1904.

DOORWAYS and window-ways. Will you not make these on the sunny exposures—toward the richest, most beautiful outlooks? You will not, as yet, aspect your house to the bitter north, or against a cold, shadowing, overlooming hillside. Your own incomes and outgoings, your welcoming entrances for friends, shall be cheerful and sheltered in pleasant southwest nooks, under protecting porches; and the windows, the openings forth for eye and thought, the takings in of wide-world pictures and of Heaven gleams—ah, these shall be always on the fairest sides, where there are the broadest, grandest scopes of earth and sky! The best light must come in, the gladdest vision must reach out, by them. Are not these once more our readings? Are we not back again, naturally, to written words, as chief, perhaps, as typical, at least, among them?

BOOKS are as windows, set north, east, west, south, in the house we have to stay in. We are walled and limited in whatever earthly habitations, but there are embrasures and casements, through which we may command great stretches of the world beyond—see out upon wide waters or slopes of grand, distant hills; at least, behold the blue above and the greenness close around; or, if nothing else, the walls that hold neighbors' lives, and have also doors and windows. There is human movement, human event; there are first-light and lamplight that disclose pleasant interiors; there are shadows on the blinds; sometimes there is a moving candle in the deep night, or the dim, low shining in a sick-room. Sometimes, alas!—and yet not all, alas, but with some rose of hope and sweetness twisted in—there is crepe upon the door.

And there is something strange and magical about these windows, whose clear panes are sheets of lettered paper. Once opened forth they multiply their lights; the frames are flexible; the walls themselves give way and lend more space; a little four-paned sash grows into a splendid mullion, with rows and tiers of added translucent plates, through which, by magnifying and telescopic power—for some of them are mighty lenses—we see far, strange things and people, hidden places, alien characters, remote conditions, brought close and made minutely visible. Nay, even the very stars come down, and arctic solitudes reveal themselves, and we scan the inmost thought and reason of men's minds in age-long sequence. But these, indeed, are "other stories."

HOW much we know of Swedish, German, Russian life that was all undeclared to us fifty years ago! How we penetrated, long since, into London slums—that foretold to us what was coming among ourselves, to be our own work and problem—and into queer, commonplace middle and lower class nature and habit—yes, and into meaner vulgarities and absurdities of high place also—that were patent enough, but only half recognized till Dickens and Thackeray threw their search-lights upon them! Such windows have been opening ever since, and now there is hardly a tenement court, or a factory village, a mining camp, a far-off ranch, a fisher's island, a mountain settlement, or a most luxurious sanctuary of withdrawn, exclusive elegance, that has not been made free to us, explicitly shown, thrown wide for our entrance and scrutiny.

WE have lived through every stirring epoch by the swift turning of thin leaves. Books are to history what the long-distance telephone is to intercourse of speech. Imaginative annals group periods and nationalities in their series. "Give us Scandinavia," we say, for instance, and behold, Scandinavia has been made near and homely to us in literature that has come to our reach since I can remember. It began to be known and talked of in fragments, here in America, when I was very young. The first recollection I have of it is Frithjof's "Saga." Somebody gave me that, as quite a thing to know of and read, in my early teens. I did not care a bit about it then. The old Icelandic and Norwegian myth was too far off for me, and Tegner's poetizing was beyond my appreciation. [The same friend, by the way, used to ask me, debonairly, to "give him something from 'Trovatore' or a sonata of Beethoven's—the 'Pathétique,' by example—in piano recital, when I had only got as far, by the simple tuition of the day for beginners, as little two-strain melodies—the "Swiss Waltz" and "The Campbells are Coming,"] that used to make my family circle desire disparagingly that the valorous old Scotch clan would kindly try the other thing.] But I bravely did the best I could with the "Saga"; taking the mental prescription as I might a pharmaceutical one, "for my good," and in like manner got a certain reward and benefit. The tonic roused a relish in me.

AND the song story was always as a whiff and sense of strange sea-air, and wild, crazy nature that came again afterward to flavor the delight in quaint, strong simplicities breathed through tale and verse from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Frostrika Bremer's, Hans Christian Andersen's, Mrs. Carén's, Björnstjerne Björnson's; in the works of English poets that have found brave and beautiful suggestion in those rugged seafarers and says: Miss Martineau's, especially, in "Feats on the Fjord"; and in the vigorous, sweet, hereditary homeliness of to-day, given us through Margaret Howitt's bright record of her "Twelve Months in Sweden"; Edna Lyall's noble delineation of "A Hardy Norseman," and Black's romances of the Northern isles. Once gather a few bits like these in memory and fancy, and is there not a window broken through that never shall be blinded in again? They have made us thus much more cosmopolitan for having read them. They affilia us with all the grand life that came to our own shores with Leif Ericsson and his compeers, and prepare us to acknowledge and comprehend our link with it in far-back New England history and relics.

Another group reveals to us old Germany, ranging its pictures all along the line of time, until they overtake and blend themselves with modern showings, contemporaneous with ourselves, but differentiated by all that came down the years, through strifes and hardships, and stern, uncompromising revolutions and reforms, to make a people of a grand, deep nature, and touch their daily ways with a racy primitiveness all their own. It was in the early days of our War of the Rebellion that we read "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." I remember how two or three of us sat one summer afternoon—and one of us was the lovely and lamented author of "The Lamp-lighter"—at a village sewing meeting, where work for the Sanitary Commission was being done, and talked over the thoughts and incidents of that old Reformation time, when Luther was nailing his theses to the cathedral doors, and at quiet, humble firesides the great kindling of the true Gospel Word had begun to lighten and warm where hearts and homes had suffered and waited, doubted and pondered, until a brave hand and voice dared stretch forth and declare that the Truth of God was given to all; when bits of the New Testament were treasured in secret, and people tremblingly and eagerly compared the church decrees and dogmas with the simple acts and utterances of the Christ. To enter into that remote, yet intimate experience, was to begin again with Christian revelation, to receive it in its first glad freshness. The old words stood forth in pristine glory. We turned to our Bibles, as if we had just got them, to see what they really meant, and had for us. It was really me and them, to see what a baptism this was. This was what a story writer could do. Ardently we followed afterward in all of Mrs. Charles' books that came, her illustrations of history in home and individual interests.

LATER we have had the fascinating volumes of Lucy Ellen Guernsey: "Lady Rosamond's Book," "Lady Betty's Governance," "Through Unknown Ways," "Loveday's History," and the rest, which, if any of you have not read, you have an unexplored delight awaiting you; a vision of the past, in which you will deliciously lose yourself, and your own identity; you will live a great, strong life of earnest, inmost realities.

In this same order of literature are the fine works of Mrs. Barr. She gives us, in a like way, atmosphere, representation, immediate touch. She makes us part and parcel with everything: with courtly ways and folk, or among rude, simple fisher people; she puts our very hearts into the place and emotion of theirs; her realism thrills all through with human character and passion; she ties us fast in her enchantment with a "Bow of Orange Ribbon." And Mrs. Austin! Why, we are all Plymouth Rock Pilgrims, or Pilgrims' kith and kin, whether our forefathers and mothers came over in the Mayflower or not, when we get into her marvelous chapters of Old Colony record, transcribed into living, every-day words and deeds in their particulars; from the deaths and burials, the betrothals and weddings, the battles and hidings and escapes, to merry Barbara Standish's quips and gibes, and fair Dame Alice Bradford's stately, simple, bountiful entertainments. I must not leave out, in these rapid and rather rambling mentions, a set of stories, most delightful in their reproduction of English life in the last century—in the days of hoops and patches, and gay river parties, and tea-drinkings, and hazardous stage-coach journeyings, and hospitalities of dear old squire, and love-making in their country houses and prim, sweet gardens—the books of Mrs. Manning, who wrote "The House of Sir Thomas More," "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," also "The Old Chelsea Bun-House," "The Ladies of Bever Hollow," "Mrs. Clarinda Singlehart," and a dozen others. Look them out if you do not know them; if you do, read them over and over again.

THE very crowd stops me; the list is endless; the windows look so many ways. For types and leaders take the Kingsleys and Miss Yonge, with their clear portrayals of epoch, character, environment; George Eliot, and our own Helen Hunt, with their "Romola" and "Rala"; their searching demonstrations of mores, their searching demonstrations of mores and turning points, and principles and laws, in the careers of nations and of men; Marion Crawford giving us, with versatile power, Orientalism, interior Italy, modern America; Harriet Beecher Stowe, prophetess and commissioned apostle of the grandest gospel a nation ever rose up to and wrought out; Miss Millock, Charlotte Brontë, exultant in characterization, keen in vision, standing each apart in her own pre-empted world of genius; Jean Ingelow, sweet and fresh, strong and tender, in prose that is one with her perfect poetry; take the long line of social writers, who unfold for us, as in woven tapestries, exact with stitch and tint in every detail, all that curiously and vividly delights us in the manner and doing of that last old century that seems so far remote, and down through the teeming, rushing hundred years that have plunged us into the tumultuous now: Goldsmith, Richardson, Mrs. Opie, Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Miss Milford, William and Mary Howitt, Thackeray, Trollope, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Oliphant, Howells, Aldrich, Mrs. Burnett, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, inimitable in their handling of the peculiarities, unique upon the planet of our New England nooks and people; take the domestic and religious annals: Miss Yonge again, Miss Sewell, MacDonald, with his heart-held and insistence of God and man relations, grand and intimate; the delicate life etchings of Juliana Ewing, Mrs. Molesworth, Barre—with nature and pathos in them so simple-deep that you can only by the same deep simplicity apprehend them; bright, true, tender, Saxe Holme; Mrs. Gilman; Mrs. Kirkland, liners of old, kindly Southern plantation life, and of brave, early pioneering in our rich, wild, early West; Mrs. Charlesworth, with her "Ministering Children"; dear Mrs. Prentiss' "Stepping Heavenward"; our growing host of American women writers—dear girls, it is simply impossible for me even to enumerate; the libraries are full; turn in, as to a rich garden, fall to, and find your own! Only keep your instinct high, and taste not, nor even touch, the fruit of any tree that blossoms with knowledge of evil!

BOOKS for amusement! They are for far more than amusement. They are for vital sympathies and understandings; human thought to human thought, hope to hope, motive to motive. Life, and the word of life, is the secret of all interest; the universe key, in things, events, persons, scriptures. We, and all about us, are syllables of an infinite revelation. They may call it evolution, for a new name, if they will, but it is what God tells us of ourselves and Him, all the same. He talks to us with His fingers, because we are deaf and dumb, in His creation and orderings, in our very own nature, aspirations, efforts. Our words and parables grow from His vaster signs and meanings, and utter our individual perceptions. All language, all communication, is but fragmentary, drawn from first language, which is that wherein "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge," and in which all things are told in parables, even to the parable of human experience. Imagination is not unreality. It is an imaging of the true. Faith itself is an imaging, but none the less an evidence. "That is your conception," doubters say, "it is not mine." Very well. That does not make out mine a delusion. You have not got it, that is all. Knowledge of some sort precedes, undelies imagination. You can conceive of nothing that you have not, in whole or in part, witnessed or experienced. You cannot even picture to yourself a scene described which, if you analyze it, does not resolve itself into features familiar; you cannot see a house, a room, in a story, except as you construct it from something you have known; you suddenly wake from the fiction to the common-sense. "Why, here I am, where I have really been!" The place always turns into one I knew before! You simply cannot imagine an unreal thing. If it is thinkable it is true, somewhere. And so I say imagination is founded on all the realities we have; it is the mirrored reflection. The world we are being born into is that from which we read and reason in the things we see. Another man, with John on Patmos, would have seen only ragged rocks and misty sea, where the Apostle, "in the Spirit," beheld all the awful panoramas of the Apocalypse.

Believe me, in all best
sympathy and fellowship,
Your thoroughly
devoted friend,
Edna D. Whitney.

THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF A GIRL

By Ruth Ashmore

BEAUTY of body and face, which is much to be desired, constitutes a letter of introduction to the people one meets, but there is nothing beyond that. A woman who seems to be beautiful must become absolutely ugly by showing herself to be ill-tempered, vain or malicious. Wrinkles upon the face are very often the result of bad passions. The mouth, my dear girl, draws down at the corner from malice; the eyes grow small by the lids coming together when one is possessed of a cunning curiosity; the chin doubles itself from gluttony; and the cheeks incline to fold over when one allows one's self to grow cross and to speak with shrill, high notes. The strain that results from speaking loudly causes the muscles of the throat to over-develop and make it look stringy and unbecomingly.

So, first of all, she who would be charming must remember that the woman who allows her temper to control her will not retain one single physical charm. It is said that gluttony and anger will deform a face. The greatest charm and the something which we feel and yet cannot explain, is what is best described as beauty of expression. This delights the eye, but it cannot exist where there are low, sordid feelings, and where encouragement is not given to everything that is high and noble, pure and womanly. After one has cultivated these virtues and made them one's own, my dear girl, then it is necessary to study the physical side of life. Fortunately you are starting out in life with no inherited disease, and with everything in your favor, therefore what remains for you to do is to learn the laws of life, and to live up to them. The treatment you give your body shows, and so you must take special care of the casket holding that jewel, your soul.

ABOUT YOUR BATH

YOUR skin and your eyes, my dear girl, constitute the thermometer that tells whether you are well, physically, or not. If the first has little spots upon it, is dull to look at and feels dry, and the second has a glazed appearance, with yellowish whites, then be sure it is time to think whether you are living rightly from the physical standpoint. Now, what does your morning bath amount to? Do you dab over your face, whirl the cloth around your neck, carefully bathe your hands, and then go out of the bathroom fully satisfied that you are quite clean? There are thousands of girls who consider this all that is necessary, and yet, as the old darky mammy would say, "That's nothing more than a lick and a promise." There are few American houses in which there is not a bathroom, and if one is so unfortunate as to live in a boarding-house where one has not a private bath there will be wisdom in paying a little extra for the privilege of having the bathroom to one's self at a certain hour, and saving this on car fares. My dear girl, I know exactly what this is, and it is not a woman who has never lived in a boarding-house who is talking to you. Therefore, I say take five minutes to yourself and scrub that tub out well with soap and water before you get into it. I do not recommend for any girl in this country a perfectly cold bath. American women are inclined to be nervous and are not over-strong, consequently the wisest thing to do is to plunge into water that is tepid, and which, when one gives one's self a thorough rubbing, will not cause the much-to-be-dreaded cold. This morning bath is taken for cleanliness, and it is the only way, unless, indeed, one stands up and is carefully sponged, by which one can be sure of perfect physical sweetness. Use soap! Plenty of it. But this soap does not need to be of an expensive kind, and the wise girl is that one who chooses the simplest quality and one that is not scented. A hot bath, which is desirable at least twice a week, should be taken at night, and the tired girl will be surprised to find, not only how restful it is, but how perfectly delicious her own body feels when she lies down and her eyelids gradually fall over the eyes weary of looking all the day long. The cheap nappy that is sold makes a good wash cloth, for you must remember that, while the sponge is desirable in the bath, something more than a sponge is required to make one absolutely clean. By-the-by, a light quality of flannel, one combining cotton with wool, is also desirable for a cloth. It is only after one has grown accustomed to the morning bath that one realizes all that it means, how, in the best way it wakens one up, mentally and physically, and starts one out ready to begin the work of another day.

AFTER THE BATH

AFTER you have bathed and dressed yourself, putting on underwear sufficiently warm, but not heavy, arranging your stays so that they are well fitting but not tight, and having a gown out of which all the dust has been shaken, so that none of it will seek a refuge in your skin, you go to your breakfast. And what do you eat? First of all, oatmeal, because you have heard it is healthy. Now, oatmeal is good for a big, strong man who is out in the open air a great deal; for a woman who is not, it, first of all, has a tendency to cause a greasy skin, and in time to upset the digestion. In addition, nine times out of ten oatmeal is not well cooked—it is served in lumps, whereas, when properly boiled, it should be like good rice, each grain being absolutely separate from the other. Then, do you eat the oatmeal properly? More than any other food it requires to be well chewed, or else it will solidify and form an indigestible and heavy lump in the stomach. Physicians say that oatmeal that is swallowed whole is more to be dreaded than meat taken in pieces at a gulp. If you are really fond of a cereal then choose cracked wheat, which is not as heating as oatmeal, is more easily digested and is more generally well cooked. That the brazen Scotchman is a wonder of health upon an oatmeal diet, is not denied, but he, unlike you, is taking much exercise, and spends nearly all his time in a wonderful, bracing air. After this you elect to have some fried beefsteak. In the first place that should have been broiled, and the only gravy about it should have been that which comes from the meat itself. And then you ask for a well-done piece. Oh, dear! There you have made three mistakes. Beef is not fit to eat when it is cooked until the juice is gone out of it and it is dry—in the way of giving you strength you might as well choose sole leather for your breakfast dish. It is always possible to ask, if you wish to eat meat in the morning, for an underdone bit and one which has no gravy upon it; but to keep you in good condition I would advise your having as much toast as you care to eat, and instead of meat one or two soft-boiled eggs. You will not find these heavy, and they are nourishing, while, at the same time, they are helps to one's digestion. It may be taken as a good rule that to keep the complexion in order, while one should eat good things and encourage the appetite, all grease should be avoided, as well as overdone meats and any great quantity of sweets or sauces. If one is inclined to be stout, potatoes and all starchy foods are omitted from the bill of fare, but for the slender woman all foods of this kind are desirable. Your dinner will neither build you up nor make you comfortable unless you eat it properly, and when I say properly, my dear girl, I mean the exact opposite of the way you usually eat yours. You must cultivate eating slowly; then your food will be well chewed, will be easy to digest, and during the time that you have been eating your body will have been resting.

ABOUT YOUR WALKS

MANY of the books that I have read, giving suggestions about walking do not hesitate to talk about five miles a day as being proper exercise. Now there are a great many of us who couldn't walk five miles one day without being laid up for the next. Personally, while I regard walking as good exercise, I think it is more apt to do one good when it is taken either with an object at the end of the walk or in pleasant companionship. Over-quick walking is not good for anybody, and the time to stop walking has been reached before one gets tired. Tennis, golf and croquet are all healthy out-of-door games, and I advise my girls to indulge in them as far as possible, always with a proviso that their love for the game does not make them stay at the sport too long, nor in their excitement must they allow themselves to be too energetic. As I have never ridden a bicycle I can say very little about it, only I cannot believe that it is wise for one to overdo any good thing, no matter how charming it may seem at first. I wish that all my girls would learn to walk well; good walking means neither to stride nor to hop, but to place the front part of the foot deliberately on the ground, allowing the heel to follow, and then to take a step in proportion to the length of one's legs. Dancing, when one does not do too much of it, and when it is limited to a well-aired parlor in one's home, is a gentle, desirable exercise. Much good may come from the exercises in a gymnasium, but so many young girls overdo athletics nowadays that I almost fear advising them.

THE VALUE OF RUBBING

THE old-time remedy, a thorough rubbing, is now a fashionable one under many names, massage being the usual one. A good rubbing is the best remedy for the tired body, but that rubbing must be given evenly and quietly and the patient must not be allowed to talk. To the worn-out girl who cannot sleep a few pennies are well spent when this mode of gaining rest is chosen in preference to opiates. The arms, the back, under the knees and the forehead should all have even rubbing, made smoother by the hands of the rubber having a little cocoa butter or vaseline upon them. If one is fortunate enough to be with one's own people then a sister, or, better still, a mother, will be the massager. In addition to giving one a good rest a rubbing tends to develop the body and to make it more supple. The rubber is advised to cultivate a very even, impressive movement, but while it suggests strength it must not be rough, else sleep or rest will never come, and excitement be the only result.

When the head and eyes are tired a systematic smoothing of the hair, which, of course, must be loosened and have all its pins taken out, is a great relief. The eyes may be rested by being dabbed with hot water—remember, gently dabbed with an old handkerchief, not with the water, and not rubbed. "Rubbing" will irritate them when the soft pressure of a good dabbling will relieve them very much. As soon as there is the slightest evidence of a weakening on the part of the eyes go to a good oculist. Economize as you will, but if you can, keep your eyesight.

ABOUT YOUR MEDICINES

If one is ill it is proper to go to a doctor. And the doctor should be sought at the very beginning of the illness, so that a cure may be the more quickly gotten. However, there are various little medicines that one may keep among one's belongings for the little troubles that are certain to come, and which are easily cured. For the girl who suffers from indigestion there is to be taken from April until September, whenever it may be needed, for it is not recommended for cold weather, the creamy mixture of sulphur and molasses. This will clear the eyes, make the skin white and firm, and unless the trouble should be of long standing put the stomach in good condition. A something that is also recommended for slight indigestion is the drinking, just before breakfast, of a glass of tepid water, in which a teaspoonful of ordinary table salt has been dissolved. Then, of course, among your medicines will be—and, by-the-by, it is rather odd to count it a medicine—a rubber bag which will hold plenty of hot water, and which is used to warm your feet, or to draw away the pain from any part of your body which can be soothed by this heat. If you have a slight inclination to rheumatism keep two small flannel bags filled with coarse salt, and when the pain first comes heat these by putting them in the oven, and then lay them where the pain is worst. As they give a very dry heat they are to be preferred to that which comes from the hot-water bag, for either rheumatism or neuralgia. In a small bottle is myrrh, for you will use a few drops of this in the water with which you rinse your mouth, making it taste well and smell sweet. I do not believe in dosing one's self, but there are some simple teas that are good to take, and which every girl should know about, so that she may be permitted to doctor herself for ordinary ailments. Very often the best medicine is a day of rest. I do not mean an idle day; I mean one when one deliberately goes to bed, if possible sleeping most of the time, but at least not talking, and certainly, as far as possible, not thinking about one's worries.

THE MIND AND THE BODY

I WANT my girls to thoroughly understand the close relation that exists between the mind and the body. With the body uncared for it does not seem as if the mind could be in good order. And surely when one has had thoughts and bad manners the body will cease to be beautiful. The best motto for you to take in regard to your body is "Be clean." Many of us are unhappily handicapped from birth by ill-health. Then all that we can do is to try and keep as well as possible, and to determine that the weakness of the body shall not be reflected upon the mind. When "one's back is bad and one's legs are queer," then to make an effort to forget this and to fill the mind so full of cheerfulness that the looker-on will believe one beautiful is the greatest heroism. My dear girl, take care of yourself, try and keep well and cheerful. Few people die from overwork. Many lose their good looks from idleness and sulkiness. It is said that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Now you and I are not anxious to do either in a hurry, but we will join hands and resolve that, being happy, healthy and wise, we will make ourselves, physically and mentally, a joy to all those who love us, or whom we love.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 26 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

By Helen Jay

A

SOON as the young housewife has installed her household gods in her new home she longs in good old scriptural fashion to call together her friends and neighbors to rejoice with her. Just exactly how she shall celebrate "the hanging of the crane," however, is a problem. She may give a large reception, and so establish a clearing-house for all social obligations, or she may from time to time entertain a few friends until all have broken bread in the new home. While circumstances must, of course, control individual action, still there are a few general rules which may be safely followed by all young homemakers. A little thought, for instance, will convince the most ambitious that a large reception so soon after the formal marriage festivities will not give as much satisfaction as a few smaller social functions arranged with tact and originality. While few can analyze the charm attaching itself to bridal gifts and the trousseau of the happy young wife, all women at least have felt its power. To see and to handle the dainty household furnishings and the wonderful creations of the modiste and milliner are pleasures which no girl in a normal condition can surrender without a pang.

The hostess, then, who wishes to give the greatest amount of enjoyment to her girlhood friends will entertain them in such a manner that they can peer into every nook and corner of the pretty, new home and chat over the gifts and fancy-work to their heart's content.

A LUNCHEON for the bridesmaids and most intimate friends is a very satisfactory form of entertaining. If most of the guests—as very often is the case in these days of college education—were schoolmates of the bride it is a very tactful thing to combine the class flower with the favorite blossom of the bride in the floral decorations, especially those used for the table. In this way the "days o' lang syne" are gracefully recognized in the new home life, and old ties strengthened instead of weakened. As far as possible, the young housewife should aim at absolute purity in her table furnishings, and avoid the vulgar use of colored silk, satin or unwashable lace. No matter what many fashion notes have to say about the use of ribbon bows and streamers dangling in and out of ropes of smilax, the most dainty tables are covered with cloths of heavy white damask and dolled of linen embroidered in white or some delicate tint of wash silk. A low, silver épergne containing growing ferns or cut flowers in the centre of the table, and four silver Empire candlesticks or small lamps, one at each corner, are all the decorations necessary. The shades of these lights should match the flowers in the épergne in color and should always have mica protectors. These soften the glow of the outer covering of silk or creped paper and prevent the disagreeable incident of a burning shade, which is altogether too common a feature of the ordinary luncheon.

THE following is an excellent menu for a luncheon, and one which will not make too great demands upon the skill and resources of the inexperienced housewife:

Little Neck Clams on the half shell
Bouillion or Clear Soup
Mushroom or Chicken Patties
Lamb Chops with Green Peas
Green, or Vegetable Salad
Crackers and Cheese
Ice Cream and Cake
Coffee

This may, of course, be greatly elaborated, but it is as it stands easily prepared and served. The fish dealer will send the clams ready to be served, while a caterer can furnish the bouillon, patties, ice cream and cake. In this way it will be possible for one maid to attend to the other details of the meal and wait upon the table. Appropriate and dainty place cards may be made of water-color paper, heavy white vellum or kid, with these words of Longfellow's in silver lettering outlined upon them:

"Oh, fortunate, oh, happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad houses of earth."

OR: "To say you are welcome would be superfluous."

OR: "Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

OR this paraphrase of an old song:

"Now I am married
You must be gay!"

ANY woman accustomed to the use of the brush can easily make these cards herself. If economy is to be closely considered these place cards may be made to do double duty as favors by making them in the form of needlebooks covered with kid, to match the flowers in color, with the lettering on one lid and the name of the guest on the other. The tops of old anodized gloves can be utilized for the purpose, although scraps of the material can be purchased for a trifle at the shops where gloves or slippers are made. Very dainty favors to stand at each plate are miniature cranes with pendant kettles holding the flowers chosen for decoration. If these are not desired little satin-covered slippers may be substituted, or photographs of the "single side" of the new home tied to corsage bouquets. While boxes or baskets of bonbons may be used with propriety, still, favors of flowers are always in better taste. Souvenirs of greater value have long since been relegated to the blind followers of vulgar extremes.

WHERE a luncheon is too much of an undertaking for the young housewife an afternoon card party or musicale may be arranged in its place. For either of these affairs sandwiches, salads, ices, coffee and cake are all the refreshments necessary. Ices, cake and coffee may be served without the more substantial edibles if desired. If a card party is the choice of the hostess "hearts" will be the most enjoyable game. The tally cards may be cut in heart shape, and the ices and little cakes moulded in the same form. A heart-shaped silver pin-tray makes a dainty first prize, and "a new broom," in the shape of a silver-handled velvet brush, is pretty for the second. After the games or programme are finished the maid should place large plate dollops on the little tables scattered through the parlors, and two tiny dishes, one holding olives, if salads are served, the other bonbons. The other refreshments can then be easily served. After they have been eaten a large tray holding bunches of roses may be passed to each guest.

THE ushers and best man and other bachelor friends of the husband are most pleasantly introduced to the new home by means of a little dinner. A reception is a great bore to most men, and they flee from the afternoon tea as from a pestilence, but as a class they enjoy the bright chat of the dinner table followed by a cozy smoke. In giving such a dinner the young hostess should remember the advice of the ancients: "In asking mortals to dine with you never invite less than the Graces nor more than the Muses." Any number of guests, then, between three and nine, will insure one condition of a successful dinner. The crowding of a table is not only uncomfortable, but the average housewife does not begin her housekeeping with large enough supplies of table furnishings to successfully meet the demands of many guests. This dinner may be given to the bridal party, including the bridesmaids, or to the most intimate friends, as circumstances may decide. It is always, however, considered an unwritten law of etiquette that the young wife shall in some way entertain the members of the bridal party together in her new home at as early a date as possible after her return from her wedding trip.

FOR such a dinner the following menu is simple and easily prepared although it may be greatly elaborated, granted that the silver and china closets can stand the strain upon their resources:

Little Neck Clams on the half shell
Soup Julienne
Soft Shell Crabs or Boiled Salmon with Tartare Sauce
Roast Chicken or Fillet of Beef
Mashed Potatoes or Green Peas
Salad of Tomatoes or Asparagus
Cheese and Crackers
Ice Cream
Black Coffee

The hostess should quietly indicate to each gentleman the lady he is expected to take out to dinner before the dinner is served. Place cards may be like those used for the luncheon, or plain white squares with this lettering:

"His heart speaks to heart at one's own fireside."

Favors are unnecessary with the exception of large corsage bouquets of, if it is possible to obtain them, the same flowers that were used at the wedding. Have *bonbonnières* of the same flower for the gentlemen. The table decorations may properly correspond in color with those used at the wedding.

A white dinner is both appropriate and dainty, and furnishes an effective background for the display of the new silver.

If the young homemakers wish to have a genuine, old-fashioned "house-warming" it may be given in place of these smaller functions I have spoken of or in addition to them. In either case care must be taken to give the affair an informal character. The house should be thrown open from attic to cellar, so that all friends who feel inclined may inspect its treasures. Friends of all ages should be invited, and the occasion made to resemble the old-time evening party, over the decadence of which as heat so much lamenting. The hearth or open fireplace should be decorated with smilax or holly, according to the season of the year. A fire of logs or coals should be laid ready for lighting, and at as early an hour in the evening as possible the guests should be asked to witness the formal kindling of the household fire. This may be done by an older relation, generally of the husband's family, or by the clergyman who officiated at the wedding. In any case the clergyman may, with the greatest propriety, be asked to follow the quaint German fashion and bless the hearth of the new home, to which, as the old German prayer, says, "the Lord is bidden as a guest."

If the new homemakers are musical the house-warming may be rechristened and called "the opening of the piano." In this event the new piano, generally included among the gifts of a music-loving bride, becomes the centre of attraction. It may be turned with its face toward the wall and the back covered either with a curtain of brocade or a screen of flowers and vines. Large bowls of roses or palms may be placed among the lighted candles or small flower lamps on the top of the instrument. The lid should remain closed until the friend to be especially honored opens it formally, generally with a few words of kindly greeting to the new home. A musical programme may then be rendered, followed later by a little supper.

IN addition to these more formal affairs the young housewife will often be called upon to entertain guests for a few days at a time or for longer periods. She will add much to her future happiness if, as soon as her home is ready to receive her friends, she will provide herself with a guest book, in which each stranger within her gates shall be asked to write his name and the date of his visit with some addendum in the shape of a sentiment or characteristic comment upon some event in the home life. In the years to come such a book grows priceless and becomes one of the most treasured possessions of the household. It revives tender memories and accumulates autographs which the years increase in value. No one will ever speak of the incentive to conversational powers of the souvenir spoon who has had the good fortune to chat with some bright hostess over the pages of her guest book. The housewife will be obliged to have such a book made to order as there are none in the market. It should be gotten up after a glorified similitude of the hotel register, with the name of the family and the date of the establishment of the home in gilt lettering upon the lid. If any more elaborate inscription is desired the following line from Pope is appropriate:

"Absent or dead still let a friend be dear," or, better still perhaps, this verse from the old Scotch song:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?"

or by the following:

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

An inexpensive substitute for this more elaborate book may be found in one of the large blank books generally used by lawyers.

If the portrait of the husband or wife is added to the store of household treasures the unveiling of the same may be made the occasion for the exercise of graceful hospitality. Appropriate songs and recitations may be rendered by friends or professional elocutionists and musicians, and a few dainty refreshments served. Such an affair may take place either in the afternoon or evening.

The conclusion of the whole matter is perhaps this: The young hostess that would have her home an inspiration and a joy to all who enter it must not blindly follow the ways of others, but study to be original in her methods of entertaining. She should have her home a creation rather than a copy. Above all, she should not forget to entertain strangers, those to whom life has not been kind. The members of the unions and guilds for whom she is working, as well as the boys and girls from her class in the mission school, should not be excluded from the new fireside. It is impossible to commute the far-reaching blessings of hospitality when exercised by a tender-hearted, good woman. If she will, she can make her home a haven of rest to all who enter its doors. That bride is sure to have a happy home who holds that home in trust as one of the gifts for the use of which she must give an account.

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Put it on ice until cool, and serve.
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SUBURBAN LIFE FOR WOMEN

By Florence Morse

ATTRACTION advertisements in the daily journals unite with the large sign-board announcements in calling public attention to the fact that this or that "Manor," "Park" or "Heights," is peculiarly desirable for villa plots. Tired of city life the man of moderate means and his wife are filled with new visions, and are sure, sooner or later, to be smitten with what is known as "country fever." They become suburban residents, either building a home or leasing one at a "bargain"; and the refrain of the song that they sing is: "Away from the noisy, dirty city, out into the pure, health-giving, life-prolonging air! Away from the small apartment at high rental and the crowded dwellings of town, into the home that stands by itself and has its own lawn!"

Full wife has been too much absorbed in her clothes, teas and dinners, and she welcomes the thought that at last she has an opportunity to read everything from Richardson and Fielding to theosophy. To have plenty of leisure in which to improve her mind is a dream now realized. The days are long, and she is far away from trivial interruptions. She believes that the primary and essential use of the country is a playground for children. In this big out-of-door nursery her children respond quickly to Dame Nature's touch, and their cheeks begin to glow and their flesh becomes firm in romping about the limitless fields. To see cows, chickens and growing vegetables, and to have plenty of sunshine in every room, give pleasure and fresh strength to the wife as well as to the children, and when she thinks of all the sources of joy with which she is surrounded she wonders why large cities exist except as places for husbands to make money in.

If the city home has been in a flat she delights in the big, open cellar where potatoes and apples may be stored, and thinks of the time when small quantities of vegetables were bought and packed away in the kitchen pantries. She enjoys the fitting and furnishing. The little trips to town are only less delightful than the return to the country. "Isn't it good to be on the way to our quiet, country home?" she asks her husband when they meet in the railway station to take the train home. There is great happiness, perhaps, in the garden work for the husband, and this pleasure finds its echo in the wife. To get up an hour before breakfast and hoe and rake or run the lawn-mower "gives a man a tremendous appetite"; to go out and gather flowers still covered with dew for the table could never be done in the heart of the town. The singing birds are a strong contrast to the ear-piercing cries of the hucksters and the din made by the heavy teams that crowd the city streets, and she is thankful that she is far away from the rush and noise.

DURING the spring, summer and autumn the house is filled with guests, and she is full of plans for their entertainment. To have room for all these young men and maidens gives her untold pleasure when she thinks of the one guest-room which she used to have in town. Bachelors come out and stay over Saturday and Sunday, and are immediately struck by the thought of matrimony, and they begin to plan for marriage and a home in the suburbs, and our suburban wife enjoys this confidential planning as much as the bachelor himself does. The whole scheme is talked over, and ways and means are discussed so enthusiastically that the single man willingly persuades himself that living expenses are less in the country than in town, and may be led to propose to some fair, country-loving maid before his income or "nest-egg" is big enough to warrant the step.

Interest in the big town has gradually lessened for our suburban woman. She has begun to find pleasure in the doings of the people about her. They are there, as she is, to enjoy the fresh air, the sunshine, the open fields and woods. Her neighbors' children, their servants, the little church and the differences of opinion in local matters are now affairs of real importance. She organizes and manages the book club, is prominent in the church fair and is on the hospital committee. She becomes an active factor in the community. This experience to a woman who has been wallowed up in the multitudinous life of a great city is a novel and delightful one. She looks for the first time that she is exerting an influence and has a recognized social position.

DRESS and fashions do not occupy the time or place in her thoughts they once did, and although she always derived a feminine pleasure in dressing becomingly and even fashionably, she feels that it is her duty to be glad of a certain emancipation from this slavery. The quick, nervous manner of the city woman has entirely disappeared, and her friends, whom she occasionally sees in town, begin to be afraid that this surprising calmness is due to a loss of spirit and energy. When they accuse her of this she smiles in a self-confident way as she thinks complacently of the linen whitening on the grass and the children shouting in the barn—strong, rugged boys and girls. Every holiday and saint's day is a feast day, and there is a frolic at night, with Virginia reels on the broad veranda in the moonlight or in the big living-room within doors. The mitting, the gathering of autumn leaves, and all sorts of out-of-door winter sports are full of keen enjoyment to our suburban wife. All phases of healthy, hearty, country life strongly appeal to the woman whose heart is wrapped up in her children and her home.

ANOTHER woman of a different temperament may enjoy the suburban life for six months or a year, perhaps longer, but the time finally comes when she misses something in her own life. She is first conscious of this when her husband brings some of his friends out from town. Their conversation seems like an unknown tongue to her. They talk of the opera, of concerts and of plays. They refer to some famous dinner at which they were guests, and speak knowingly of new books and their authors, whom they have recently met. She is silent. Her knowledge of old novelists avails nothing at this modern authors' tournament. She realizes that she is absolutely ignorant of the subjects discussed in metropolitan life. Accustomed to the never-varying monotony of suburban life, the wife, when she finds herself altogether out of the talk in the presence of brilliant minds, grows melancholy and despondent. It is men and things, she thinks, that must be seen to keep alive that interest in human affairs which is sure to grow dormant in the country; and weekly or even daily intercourse with country neighbors, who may also feel the truth of it in a greater or lesser degree, can never make up for this loss.

Her husband does not feel this as keenly as she does, he is in town every day and is constantly rubbing up against men with new ideas, and she admits to herself that her life has been moving along in one rut.

At first invitations were accepted to diners in town or to the theatre. Then the late trains were dreaded and a recollection of the sleepy, cold drive of a mile or two from the station between twelve and one in the morning took from the evening all its pleasure. To stay in town all night involved an extra expense, and a feeling that the house will surely burn down some time when they are both absent deters them from the extravagance and helps to keep them at home more than ever. The suburban wife suddenly discovers that her friends in town have decreased in number. She is forgotten and not missed at most of the social functions. City folks have no time to hunt up country people, if the latter can never find an opportunity for visiting them. She has noticed that her friends do not come out in the winter with such promptness as they did in the summer and autumn, and there are weeks when her country neighbors are the only people whom she sees.

Then, too, she finds that there is a suggestion of antiquity about her gowns. Although they are still good they soon acquire a decidedly provincial look. "How can it be otherwise," she reasons to herself, "when I never see anything that is stylish and pretty?" Too much dependence she cannot place on fashion plates; only actual contact with living figures in well-made clothes can give to a woman that indescribable touch in her own garments, that vague something which "feminine" women each and all long for. The shopping trips to town are now done in a perfunctory way. So much is crowded into a day that it is too full for enjoyment, and she goes home tired, and, it must be admitted, cross. Soon it is mostly done by mail or by her good-natured husband. More and more she stays at home. She finds that the hurried breakfast and the morning trains have something to do with her discontent. Her anxiety lest her husband should miss his train grows greater instead of less, and she comes to dread the journey herself.

GROWING vegetation has proved a disappointment. Her husband is not eager to get up and work an hour before breakfast. The lawn and the garden are given over to the gardener, and her tomatoes cost her twenty-five cents apiece. For a long time she has known that it costs more to live in the country. With the one exception of house rent their living expenses have increased. The market is inconvenient and often unsatisfactory. It is far away and has not the variety she longs for. To her astonishment she has learned that the best of everything that grows in the country is taken to the cities. She is continually called upon to subscribe to a fund for the benefit of a gardener, a coachman or a street laborer who has broken an arm, is paralyzed or in debt. She is expected to do something "handsome" for the church and hospital. She longs to be lost in the big city, where there are no next-door neighbors, and where she may choose her friends. She will never admit openly that she gossips, but she has noticed that in the absence of other things to talk about gossip flourishes in suburban communities as nowhere else. One of her greatest difficulties is in keeping servants. In the city one or two maids were sufficient to do the work of her house. In the country the staff had to be increased as there is never any end to the work in a country house. The extra sweeping due to the tracking in of dirt and mud in bad weather; forty or fifty windows to keep clean; a dozen lamps to fill every day; wood to be brought up for open fires; verandas to be scrubbed, and a score of other duties make the work seem limitless and greatly swell the expense of housekeeping. The maids are contented and happy until October, and then they openly declare that they can stand it no longer. "It is too lonesome." The next week or two the suburban housewife haunts intelligence offices that "make a specialty of country help," and the memory of some of those wretched interviews will always remain with her.

IN the foregoing I have briefly sketched the chief advantages and disadvantages which a woman is apt to experience in suburban as compared with city life. We have seen, to summarize the matter, that the country is a glorious place in which to bring up children, and that this in a mother's mind will more than outweigh many discomforts which she may suffer and many pleasures she may feel the loss of; that a new and very agreeable sense of the importance of her position dawns upon a woman whose opinion and aid are wanted to further every social and philanthropic scheme that is set afoot in the village, bringing vividly to her mind the thought that to be a queen in a hamlet is better than a subject in town. There are, moreover, certain modest luxuries which are out of a woman's reach in town owing to their cost, but which may be enjoyed without extravagance in the country—a horse and carriage, not a swell rig but a comfortable buckboard, a tennis court, a croquet ground and an abundance of flowers, wild and cultivated. The opportunity to entertain one's friends in country fashion is another great attraction of suburban life, town hospitality, on the other hand, consisting mostly in giving teas and dinners, luncheons and receptions. In these ways suburban life recommends itself most strongly to women, and, as we have seen, there are also many comparatively minor advantages that ought not to be overlooked in this discussion of life in a suburban place.

ON the other hand the disadvantages of suburban life for a woman are many and important. If she happens to be of an economical turn of mind, and expects to save money for her husband by moving into the country, she will be appalled by the expenses of housekeeping arising from the necessity of more servants, higher prices at the markets, the bills for fuel, subscriptions to local enterprises, railway fares, luncheons in town and the like. Added to this practical drawback, which generally comes as a surprise to the woman who imagined that everything was cheap in the suburbs, are the rustiness of mind owing to the scant opportunities for mental and social diversion, the weariness of body due to increased household cares, and to the difficulty of getting and keeping good servants, the gradual estrangement from one's town friends, and the irreparable loss of the "bargain counter," which, for some unaccountable reason, is never stocked with the things she wants on the days when she is obliged to visit the city.

The ideal way in which to live, if one could afford it, would be to have a home in the country for four or five months in the year, and to spend the rest of the time in the city. The country in summer is a thousand times more enjoyable to the woman who has passed the winter and spring in town than to her who has been waiting many long, dull months for a glimpse of the first bluebird. The change of scene and of air twice a year is a splendid tonic, and one is enabled to enjoy both town and country when they are at their best without becoming surfeited with the delights of either.

"Lactated Food Saves Babies' Lives"



Lactated Food Made Him Strong

"LaCROSSE, WIS., Nov. 27, 1893.
"I inclose a photograph of our child, a strong, healthy, Lactated Food baby, than whom you cannot find a better specimen of strength and good health. Lactated Food agreed with him at once, and he has grown steadily stronger and healthier, until at nine months he is a large, fat baby, and although so large, can almost walk. Every one thinks him much older than he is and wonders what we feed him on. We have used equal parts of Lactated Food and condensed milk for the reason that we cannot get good cow's milk. My wife says to every one that Lactated Food is the baby food."
J. C. VARNEY"



Lactated Food Was the Only Food that Agreed With Her

"KALAMAZOO, MICH., Nov. 28, 1893.
"I send you to-day a photograph of my baby, to whom I have given Lactated Food for some time. Her health has improved rapidly since she commenced to take it, and she is very fond of it; I expect to continue its use through her second summer. I had previously tried other foods, but none seemed to agree with the child until I used Lactated Food, which was originally prescribed by our family physician, Dr. Osborne. Yours respectfully,
"MRS. W. C. DAVIS"

SPECIAL TO MOTHERS

If you mention this advertisement and send a two-cent stamp for postage a 25-cent can of Lactated Food will be sent FREE for trial. Address:

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

PRESSED FLOWER SOUVENIRS

By Lennie Greenlee



In this realistic age, when truth is the standard for judging all beauty in art or fancy-work, pale pressed flowers compare favorably even with lighter painted ones. If pressed carefully, so that the outlines seem natural and the coloring well-preserved, flowers, ferns and grasses are really very beautiful, and have, besides the charm, their "gentleness," as well as the value of association with places and people, to recommend them. When pressed between sheets of blotting paper, cotton batting, or even between old newspapers, delicate sweet peas, frail, dainty forget-me-nots, daisies, violets, pansies, primroses, poppies, lilies-of-the-valley and scores of other flowers retain their color wonderfully well. The cotton or paper absorbs their moisture and excludes the air, and many of the blossoms are as brilliant when taken out of the press as when first cut. Flowers to be used for this purpose should be gathered about noon-time, when there is least moisture about them, and put immediately and carefully to press, arranging them naturally and not too thickly on sheets of paper. Put on a heavy, even weight, and do not disturb the flowers until dry, unless they are thick and succulent, and such flowers are not recommended for pressing, as they are apt to mould and lose their color. But if they tempt you into pressing you will need to change your sheets of blotting paper every few days. Such pretty things as golden-rod, oats, grains of all sorts, and grasses, retain their color without pressing, but are in better shape for use upon cards, calendars, envelopes, books, etc., if pressed. When dry and firm in texture the flowers should be laid carefully away in a box, between sheets of blotting paper, until needed for making some pretty gifts or souvenirs.

SOUVENIR CARDS

PRETTY souvenir cards, to be kept in memory of any day, place or occasion, or to be given to a friend, may be made from plain bevel-edged white cards, large enough to hold a dainty spray of pressed flowers tied with a narrow ribbon in one corner. A drop or two of mucilage will hold in place the leaves and lighter sprays which trail gracefully in a diagonal direction across the top, leaving space in the centre of the card upon which to write the significance of the flower used. Take, for instance, a knot of clover blossoms and grasses, and tie them through a corner of the card with narrow, pale green ribbon; then in the centre write or print in fancy letters the word "Utility," the significance of grasses. Or, tie a scarlet clover blossom in with several four-parted leaves and write beneath "Auf Glück," "Good Luck," "Bon Voyage," or some such phrase. On the back of the card a quotation or verse descriptive of the flower used might be written. You will find dozens of them in your reading; clip them and put them away with the flowers. "Delicate pleasures" is the significance given the sweet pea, and nothing can be prettier for cards than the odd, silvery green leaves, curling tendrils and exquisitely-colored blossoms of the sweet pea. Pansies, violets, daisies and arbutus, every one will immediately think of as good for use in this way, and there is a world of sentiment and fancy connected with them. Take, for instance, the pansy:

"Pansies for thoughts."
"I send thee pansies, flowers of remembrance."
"My thoughts of gold."
"Here's pansies, that's for thoughts."

Hosts of complimentary things have been sung and said by famous people about the violet. The finest one, from Shakespeare—may his shade not haunt me—I once mutilated in this way:

"Violets blue, for truth, dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

I have not often seen nasturtiums and poppies used on such cards, but they are extremely picturesque and pretty. The nasturtium stands for bravery; the poppy for what—vanity or frailty? I bethink me of somebody's lines:

"Poppies are like poppies spread,
You see the flower, the bloom is shed."

The thin, silken texture of poppy petals makes them press unusually well. The writing upon these cards should be neatly and plainly done in black ink, metallic point, or with liquid gold.

DAINTY LUNCHEON CARDS

A LITTLE girl who was lucky in finding pretty and original cards for her mother's lunch party. The leaves were picked and pressed in her books on her way to and from school, and were afterward mounted with the white of egg upon large correspondence cards. None of the cards were arranged alike. Usually there would be one large leaf and several smaller ones on each card—all put on in a dainty, graceful way, sometimes scattered, sometimes looking as if growing from the root. The guests' names were done in green water-color or pastel, in rustic letters, and down in one corner of the cards, in smaller letters, there was always some pretty quotation or proverb such as the following:

"Better be born lucky than rich."
"Good luck to ye!"
"Welcome as a four-leaf clover."
"Lead on to fortune!"
"Live in clover!"

Handsome sets of such cards may be made from glossy magnolia or ficus leaves. These may be pressed so as to retain their lustre a long time, or fresh ones may be used. Either above or below the mid-rib, but near the centre of the leaf, write the names of the guests, putting the gilt on thickly so that they will look as if embossed, and somewhere near, a comical little Japanese sign or figure, or some design from a Brownie book in gilt.

PRETTY AND USEFUL CALENDARS

AMONG the many pretty and useful calendars which have fluttered out as heralds of 1894 none were daintier or more welcome as gifts than the wild-flower and blue-print species.

For a wild-flower calendar take twelve sheets of white or cream Bristol-board about the size of ordinary note-paper. Somewhere near the centre of these glue the calendar blocks for the months, or draw them if you prefer. Pressed flowers characteristic of each month are then arranged upon the leaves in a careless, artistic way and fastened there by strips of gilt or silver paper glued across the stems. The flowers may be etched in India ink or done in sepia, if one prefers and is something of an artist. It is not difficult to find in the plant world something pretty and typical of each month. For January the bare, light twigs of some tree, as beech, maple or mulberry, with their rich, deep tints of brown, gray or purple, curious little knobs of hidden buds and bold, graceful outlines. Or the month might be represented by twigs of evergreen, such as balsam, fir or spruce.

February has a fuller flora, but pussy-willows or any light, fluffy, silvery willow catkins are best of all, if carefully dried and pressed. In March, hepatics are plentiful, and nothing could be lovelier. April has blood-root, arbutus, apple-blossoms; May, daisies, white clovers and a wealth of flowers; June, the wild, exquisite sweet-brier roses; July, maidenhair ferns and scarlet hawberries; August, grasses and cardinal flowers; September, golden-rod and asters; October, gay autumn leaves; November, fringed gentians and pale yellow witch-hazel stars; December, holly and mistletoe.

Press and keep all these flowers carefully as the months go by until the time comes for making your calendar, when you can use them either for a blue-print or a wild-flower one.

DAINTY LITTLE BOOKLETS

If you have never seen a wild-flower book you can have no idea how pretty and dainty they are, and what acceptable gifts they make for friends who love mementoes of places, are fond of flowers, or even those who are in any degree poetic and artistic. Any woman who has a summer outing at the seacoast or among the mountains, or who has only an occasional day's whiff of "green fields and pastures new," may collect flowers, grasses, ferns and mosses enough to give her friends charming surprises on birthdays or at Christmas.

"Wild Flowers of Colorado" was the first wild-flower book, I believe. There are a number of volumes in the series now, and every woman who sees them is wild to collect her own favorite flowers into similar booklets. The flowers are arranged singly or in groups upon the right-hand pages, each one being laid upon the page in the way in which it grew, with Nature's own grace in lines and the curving of stems. The coloring of the petals remains wonderfully fresh and clear, and many of the pages are as handsome as fine water-color paintings.

CLOVER, DAISY AND ANEMONE

IN these Colorado wild-flower books are preserved many of the flowers which Helen Hunt Jackson loved so well and made so famous in verse: columbine and prairie clover, daisy and anemone, gentians and modest meadow-rue, everlastings as silver as the Alpine edelweiss, ferns and grasses, sprigs of kinikinn from H. H.'s own grave, and the Mariposa lilies of her western stories.

If you are traveling in countries famous for beauty or history, flowers plucked from along the way, the most fastidious and intellectual of your friends would find precious, if preserved in handy booklet form. The books may be purchased all ready for the flowers, or you may make them yourself by taking choice matted note-paper for the leaves, and designing a pretty decorated cover, with a few wild flowers and grasses lightly sketched upon it, and the title, "Wild Flowers from English Meadows," or whatever the locality may be, done in rustic letters.

Fasten the flowers upon the pages with tiny strips of gold or silver paper wet with mucilage, placing them across the stems only—never over leaves or flowers. In one corner of the page write the botanical and common names of the flower, the place where it grew and the date on which it was gathered, as:

Leontopodium alpinum | Summit of Mount Blanc.
Swiss edelweiss | July 26, 1894.

A patriotic American booklet would contain specimens from famous battlefields, from Niagara, the Natural Bridge, Yosemite, arbutus from Plymouth Rock, etc.

BLUE-PRINT CALENDARS

THESE calendars are usually about the same size as that given for the wild-flower calendar, and for them the same pressed flowers and arrangement of calendar blocks may be used. Not many people who receive these calendars as gifts could ever guess how they were made, although the work is really very simple. Pressed flowers are placed on the clear glass of a printing frame, such as is used by amateur photographers. The calendar is plainly marked on tissue paper and also placed on the glass, the arrangement being just that which is desired on the finished page. A ferro-prussiate or blue-print paper is then placed over the arranged material and exposed to direct sunlight. The paper is next washed in clear water, and the pretty blue and white picture is finished. The paper for them may be obtained from any photographer, who will also do the printing if desired. The ground color of the calendar leaves will be rich blue, with the picture of the flower in white and the calendar month in pale blue. All the variety one wishes may be secured by placing the calendars in different positions upon the leaves, and by different arrangements of the flowers. The cost is trifling and the result charming. Either of these calendars may be made larger, of course. Where heavy sheets of Bristol-board, a foot or two feet square are used, the panels may be made very handsome and striking. For these all the flowers need not be pressed, and a greater variety may be secured. Bunches of wheat, rye, oats and grasses, tied with white ribbon and gilded in touches here and there are beautiful ornaments when used in this way; and so are sketchy acorn cups and saucers or fluffy milkweed pods, partly burst and showing their fluffy, silken, snow-white contents, especially if the rough stems and pods are gilded.

FROM ACROSS SEAS

OF course, a book containing flowers from all the famous lands—thistles from Scotland, shamrock from Ireland, lilies from France and heather from English moors—will be greatly prized, but the contents for books both dear and beautiful may be gleaned entirely from home nooks. Some friend of yours is traveling in far-away lands for her health. Think what a pleasure it will be for her, as she sits in her invalid chair, to turn the leaves of a dainty volume fragrant with real wild flowers from home! Daisies and buttercups marked "from the south meadow," anemones and hepatics "from the north woods," violets and blood-root "from East River bank," sweet-fern "from the upland pasture"—all the dear, familiar places through which she once scrambled with her playmates.

If you cannot have a whole season in which to collect material, improve the bits of time which chance to you. It is wonderful how many pretty things quick eyes and nimble fingers can accumulate in a short time. I heard of a young girl who collected a handsome book full of sweet, wild things in one day, even on that bare, fledgey island of Appledore, among the Isles of Shoals, and one of her pages I remember as far more beautiful, with its tiny scarlet sprays of pimpernel, than any painting.

Choose for such booklets the delicate, thin-petaled flowers with grace of outline and beauty of form, rather than large ones of thick, waxy texture. Some of the latter are very beautiful, but it is difficult to press them nicely.

Dwight Anchor Cottons

For Shirts
Pillow-Cases
Sheets and
other Household
Necessaries



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are of extraordinary weight and durability, are easily washed and will remain soft and pliable. Unbleached, Bleached or Half-Bleached. May be obtained through your dealer, if he has none in stock, he can procure them for you from any wholesale house.

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The high reputation of Lundborg's Perfumes has been fully maintained by the more recently introduced Toilet Waters and Sachet Powders, which are becoming a necessity of every refined toilet.

Sachet Powder placed with linen, etc., gives a fresh fragrance, unattainable by other means, and Toilet Water is a luxurious addition to the bath, especially in warm weather.

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Samuel Ward Co., Boston, Mass.

FOR HANDY FINGERS TO MAKE

A Group of Artistic Suggestions by Some Clever Women

THE clever fingers of the modern woman are almost a matter of course among her connoisseurs, and the designing of work, whether useful or ornamental, for these fingers to accomplish is becoming a matter of considerable difficulty if the demand is that these articles shall be novel.

The revival of the reticule, or outside pocket, is a case in point. Its usefulness has never been denied, nor its beauty questioned. Its greater convenience over the tiny triangles, which one dressmaker out of every hundred is willing to place in a gown, has never been doubted, and yet despite both its acknowledged use and beauty its re-adoption has depended upon the necessity for providing something new for feminine fingers to make and ornament as may be seen from our illustration. Below are also given some designs for dainty table decoration.

OUTSIDE POCKET FOR STREET GOWN

A NOVEL idea for such a purpose is shown in the accompanying illustration. It is intended to be made up to match a costume composed of plain and brocaded or figured goods. The back part of the pocket is of the patterned fabric, which is sewed over a firm lining. The upper portion is shaped in the manner indicated in the drawing, and passed through a strap at the waist, similar to that to which chalcaines are attached, being turned over and held in place with a fancy button. The pockets are made of the plain material and have an embroidered design worked upon them. The pocket illustrated is of gray, decorated with shades of yellow, brown and red. All the soft tones of the figured goods are employed in the embroidered parts. The design chosen is simple but very artistic. It is composed mainly of small round, berrylike forms, worked in satin-stitch and held together by flowing lines. The initials, which are solid and raised, are worked upon the largest pocket, which extends the whole depth, behind the smaller front pocket. The tiny pockets above the initials are intended to hold tickets or small change, while the others will take handkerchief, cardcase and pocketbook. These outside pockets will be found a great convenience in these days when it seems almost impossible to find a place in the dress skirt for one.

MRS. BARNES-BRUCE



OUTSIDE POCKET FOR STREET GOWN

A LUNCH-COVER OF WREATHS

SMALL flowers, in the form of wreaths and festoons, are very popular for embroidery on white linen, as they are so dainty in effect. The illustration below shows a floral design for a lunch-cover, which consists of a wreath of violets, forget-me-nots, daisies, etc., in the center, while semi-wreaths of the same flowers form the decoration for the corners, with tiny sprays of flowers scattered lightly between. Embroider the flowers in shades of violet, pink, yellows, dull reds, etc., after the Dresden manner, but care must be used in selecting shades of silk that will harmonize well. The leaves can be worked in varied shades of green. It would be pretty to have a set of doilies to match the lunch-cover, embroidered with the tiny sprays of different colored flowers.

A PAINTED MILK-PITCHER

A CHARMING decoration for a china milk-pitcher may be found in our illustration, which shows the milkweed with the pods bursting open, distributing the little seed vessels over the surface of the china. The rough texture of the brownish-green



A DAINTY FLORAL LUNCH-COVER

pod contrasts beautifully with the silver sheen of the down on the seed vessels, which in Nature look like spun silk. If painted directly on white china it will be necessary to put in a few delicate gray shadows. If a background is desired a light blue, gradually fading into a brownish tone below, would be extremely effective. For this, deep blue green can be used, working in brown 17, or violet of iron for the brownish tint. A shade of violet, pink or one of a light gray green would also be pretty. The stalks and pods may be painted in varied shades of brown green, violet of iron, yellow brown and brown 17. The seed vessels are put in with a dark brown, say bitume or brown 17; the white down is first shaded with a delicate gray and touched up with white enamel, which will give a raised appearance, or the lines on the downy seed vessels may be touched up with gold if preferred. In painting on china it is well to remember that the article to be painted must be in good condition and perfectly clean and dry. As a general rule when finished and ready for firing, the work should be two shades darker than it is intended to be after firing. Successful china painting of any sort calls for a great deal of discretion; added to this comes conscientious care. With these, and of course, skill, good results are possible.

ANNA T. ROBERTS.

A SOFA-CUSHION COVER

THIS effective pattern for a sofa-cushion cover is designed more particularly for summer use. It should be worked on even linen of the stout make now so popular for artistic embroideries. The pattern is in very open cut work. The cushion is first covered with soft colored silk. The puff around the edge is of the same, the linen



A SOFA-CUSHION COVER

being laced on to the foundation. The work is executed in Roman floss one of two shades darker than the covering. The design is buttonhole in every part, then cut out and the fillings put in with medieval silk.

EMMA HAYWOOD.

IMITATION OF ENAMEL

THIS new method of imitating the costly enamel painting is to be recommended because the decoration can be rapidly applied to so many articles of ornament and use, while the brushes and wax are easily obtainable and very inexpensive. Red and black should be used only in the best qualities of sealing-wax. Put a bit the size of a hazelnut into an old pomade jar, or anything of the sort, and cover with alcohol and let dissolve from twelve to twenty-four hours. It is the right degree of consistency if, when dropped upon glass, it no longer runs, but remains stationary.

For lines and dotted patterns the finest water-color brushes must be used; figures require larger ones.

If the articles to be ornamented have narrow necks the principal shapes can be cut from paper, gummed upon the outside and then outlined with white wax. The smaller leaves, tendrils, etc., must be sketched with white wax, which can be easily washed off with the alcohol used to be made.

All bottles, whose pattern of dots is to be put on in bright colors, must be under-



DESIGN OF MILKWEED FOR A MILK-PITCHER

painted with white, on which surface, after it is dry, the most delicate patterns can be readily executed.

MARY J. SAFFORD.

Llama Fleeced Stripes

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DAINTY STYLES IN LINGERIE

By Isabel A. Mallon

It has not been so very long ago since muslin was generally used for underwear. That it was thick, warm and by no means easy to arrange in a pretty way was not thought of, and if one suggested that in its place linen or lawn should be used some one was always ready to announce that both of these materials were more expensive and more difficult to launder. Nowadays we know that lawn or percale, for the latter is frequently noted, is quite as cheap as muslin, because of the greater width, and that, as underwear is no longer made stiff with starch, its laundering is quite easy. The heavy muslins that were once in vogue are no longer seen, and if one wishes a garment to be very fine and yet simple, it is without trimming, and its decoration is made by its being well cut and perfectly sewed by hand.

THE FAVORITE MATERIALS

As I said before, the favorite material for underwear, of course not counting the flannel for petticoats, is either lawn or percale. When the latter is chosen it usually has a fine stripe or tiny dot of some color on it. What are known as the cross-hatched muslins, which are, by the by, very thin and quite inexpensive, are occasionally used for nightdresses to be worn during the summer, but this material is not noted in any other garment. Occasionally a light-weight cambric is selected for petticoats, but lawn is given the preference. Silk underwear has not the same vogue it had some time ago, but it cannot be denied that if one can afford to wear it, it is the most agreeable material imaginable. Valenciennes, real and imitation, fine tulle, Maltese and one or two specimens of flat lace are the trimmings preferred. Most undergarments are made dainty by the use of ribbons upon them, and as the taking off and putting on of these pretty adjuncts only occupies a little time there is no reason, especially when ribbons are so cheap, why every young woman should not make her belongings look as fine as possible.

FOR THE HOURS OF THE NIGHT

Full nightdress of to-day is made almost like a dress. A full bodice, decidedly long-waisted and very loose, but yet fitting well, has the skirt gathered on to it; the joining is hidden under a two-inch band of footings, through which a ribbon is run and tied in sash fashion just in front. The neck is cut out sufficiently low to allow a large cape collar, which is made fancy by a row of insertion and a full frill of lace. The sleeves are fashionably full, are gathered in at the wrist, finished with lace frills, and then have, so that the sewing is all hidden, a band of footings about each, through which a ribbon is drawn and tied on the outer side. Instead of buttons and buttonholes the front of the bodice is fastened with narrow ribbons that tie very easily. This nightdress looks elaborate, is extremely pretty, and only becomes expensive when it is bought ready made.

Simpler gowns are of lawn, made with a yoke, and having a double Watteau plait in the back, while the fullness in front is gathered to the yoke. Square sailor collars or round cape ones, made of the material and trimmed with lace, are very decorative, and will do much toward making a perfectly simple gown look very dainty. The best laundresses put no starch in nightdresses, consequently they wear out before they tear out. The long shoulder seam, and the full sleeve, which is extremely comfortable, are noticed on all the new gowns.

THE CHEMISE AND VEST

The women silk vest has almost entirely usurped the place of the chemise. It is very comfortable, does not give any added fullness about the bust or hips, launders easily and is not expensive. Still there are those who prefer to wear a chemise. Those shown now and then are shaped to fit the figure, are decidedly long, have the neck cut out in a round outline, and the sleeves formed by the shoulder straps. Sometimes they button on the shoulder, but often a narrow ribbon is encased about the neck, and the soft material is drawn in to fit closely. Very little trimming is liked. Lace about half an inch wide about the neck and armholes constitutes about all that is used, unless, indeed, the hemstitching around the lower edge of the skirt portion is considered a decoration. Lawn or percale is almost invariably used for this garment, and a light weight of either fabric is chosen. Occasionally linen is noted, and then the only decoration is fine hemstitching.

FOR PRETTY SHIRTS

EXCEPT for a greater fullness the petticoats are cut almost exactly like the dress skirt. Lawn or cambric is used for them, although when thin white dresses are worn petticoats of dotted muslin are chosen, and being light tend to make the whole costume very cool and pleasant. The skirt of lawn with three ruffles, having upon them a group of tucks on each side of the lace insertion, and then below that a lace edge, is one that can endure much soap and water, and not being over-trimmed, is good form. The fancy for setting lace in the skirt itself no longer obtains, and if anything the trimming, which is all put on by hand, is simpler than ever before. A ribbon belt is usually drawn through a casing at the top, so that one may have one's skirt belt as loose or as tight as may be agreeable, and then, too, the doing away with the old close belt, to which the skirt was gathered, makes it much easier to iron the petticoat itself.

Silk skirts have pinked ruffles, with lace ones alternating. These are not made as wide as the white skirts, for if they were they would rustle so that they would be counted in very bad taste. Perfectly plain skirts have their ruffles hemmed by hand. Indeed, handwork is commended on all underwear, not only because it is prettier, but because it will iron better.

THE FLANNEL PETTICOAT

THE flannel petticoat is a something that should be worn all the year round, its weight being graded by the warmth of the weather. A very pretty light-weight flannel comes with a creamy white background, and hair lines of one, two or three different colors upon it. This is prettily trimmed with a knitted lace of white Saxony, the design of which permits a narrow ribbon to be run through it. These knitted laces are very pretty, and very much liked on the flannel petticoat. The French *Angelys*, who specially approves of all work done by hand, thinks that nothing makes so proper a trimming for flannel as this wool lace, which expert knitters find so little trouble to make. Where a colored flannel is used the lace matches it, and in some instances, especially if a silk flannel is used, silk, instead of wool, is used for the lace.

The knitted flannel skirts, which give one occupation all summer, are at once pretty and warm, and are especially to be commended to any one who suffers from rheumatism, or from very cold limbs. In making the flannel skirt do not have a bulky hem about the lower edge, but, instead, turn up the material as if for the first fold of a hem, and then baste over it on the right side a two-inch-wide ribbon, stitching this close to the edge so that there is no danger of the flannel coming below, and stitching it smoothly, also, at the top. A similar ribbon put on the outside may constitute the casing through which the ribbon strings are run. Dextrous workmen embroider on this upper silk band the initials of the wearer in silk the same color as the flannel.

SOME OF THE OTHER GARMENTS

THE wearing of the corset cover is entirely a matter of personal taste. Very many women wear it, and equally as many do not. Dressmakers claim that a bodice fitted or worn over a corset cover is never the success that it is when the corset cover is omitted. The only change noticeable in them is that where a sleeve used to be put in it is now left out, and all trimming is omitted. The cover is cut to fit the figure as closely as possible, and the neck is either V-shaped or round. Personally, as all of our bodices are lined, no matter how thin the material may be, I see very little use for the corset cover, but if one does wear one it is right that it should be made after the best design, which is the very simplest. Very tiny buttons should be used for closing, otherwise, when a thin bodice is worn, their imprint is likely to be seen. A somewhat heavy quality of percale is used for corset covers, unless, indeed, one should elect to have linen. A trimming seen on corset covers consists of rows of lace set in the material lengthwise.

Percale, cambric and lawn are all used for drawers. They are made somewhat short and decidedly broad, and the trimming consists usually of groups of tucks with insertion between and a full frill of lace as the edge finish. The band has been superseded by the fitted yoke, which does away with any fullness about the waist. Sometimes this is closed with buttons, but often with tapes put in in casing fashion, and starting not from the front, but from each side just on the hip-line.

FOR THE DAINTY FOOT

COTTON, silk and silk stockings are all worn. Many women myself among the number, prefer a cotton to a silk thread stocking, inasmuch as the twist of the thread in the silk ones irritates the soles of the feet. Dark blue and black stockings are liked for street wear, except when tan shoes are worn, and then, of course, the stockings match the shoes. The navy blue stocking is usually chosen by those who find that the dye from a black stocking affects their skin. This is by no means common, but the very minute it is discovered one should cease wearing the black and select another color, or else wear white, for one never knows to what extent a skin disorder may go. With gray or scarlet shoes or slippers the stockings are chosen to match, and these may be gotten in silk at a much lower price than is given for black ones. Many women have discovered that the wearing of suspenders pulls a silk stocking so that it "railroads," which means "good-by" to the stocking, and so for this reason the wearing of the garter above the knee is gaining in favor.

THE PRETTY JACKET

THE uses of the lawn, lace-trimmed and beribboned jacket are many. One can be assumed when the dress bodice is laid aside while one takes a cup of tea or a cooling glass of lemonade in the privacy of one's own room; or made in the most elaborate fashion and worn over a white skirt the jacket can appear at a home luncheon where only the ladies and children of the house are present. There is a fancy just now for making the jackets decidedly full, so that they may be drawn in at the waist-line with a sash ribbon. Where a high collar is the neck finish the fullness is laid in fine tucks in front and a double Watteau plait in the back. These are, of course, sewed by hand, and are held in to just above the waist-line, where a two-inch band of footings is put around in belt fashion, the ribbon run through it, and the effect of a full skirt falling from under it is the result.

Other jackets have round and square yokes of lace with the fullness closely gathered and sewed to them, while others that have the neck cut out have the fullness drawn under a band and then hidden by the full frills of lace that outline the V or round neck, as one may have chosen. For the skirt of the jacket there is usually the row of insertion set in with a group of tucks as a contrast, and a deep lace frill as a finish. Very often, in addition to the lace yoke, lengthwise rows of insertion are used and made to extend to the waist-line. Pale yellow, blue, rose and heliotrope ribbons are all noted upon the lawn jackets, and, as is customary on all underwear just now, the ribbon itself is the glossy satin. Plain jackets, intended simply to be worn when combing the hair or during the dressing hour, have no trimming. Small pearl buttons are used in place of ribbon ties, and if one wishes to confine the garment at the waist long ties of the material, hemmed by hand, are proper.

A PERFECT CORSET

I AM continually being asked what stays I would advise. Being an advocate of the well-fitting, properly-worn corsets, I can only say, in the first place, that I do not believe in stays that are too tight, a something that can never be said about an absolutely well-fitting one. Over-long corsets are seldom desirable, inasmuch as they turn over on the edges and the bones are apt to press upon the abdomen in a way that is not pleasant. A high-busted corset should be selected for the woman who is rather large, but for her who is slender a lower one will be found to fit better and to give a better shape. French dressmakers all prefer a short corset. Never buy your corsets too large in the bust. They simply turn over and make an ugly lump, and do not, as you expect, appear to increase the size of the bust. Even if one buys corset covers a silk lacing should be gotten, as, not only will it last longer and be found to draw with greater ease, but it will not, like the round cotton lace, imprint itself upon the back of your bodice. The gauze corset is comfortable for summer wear, and if a good quality is gotten one should be able to wear it an entire season. Personally, I do not think there is any economy in buying a cheap corset, as the bones will break and the material fray before it has been absolutely adapted itself to one's shape.

A FEW LAST WORDS

EVERY woman of refinement would rather have fewer gowns than feel that she had not sufficient underwear. It must be remembered that simple underwear is always ladylike, but one wants to have plenty of it, and that plenty in good condition. There is no necessity for three or four dozen of each garment, as, possessing this number, many will grow yellow awaiting their turn to be worn. Six of each, excepting the flannel skirts, and three of them should be sufficient, constitute all the lingerie that is required. To keep it pleasant with the odor of orris, to have it dainty with fine stitching, pretty, if possible, with faint-hued ribbons, is a work that is especially womanly, and with which all women can sympathize.



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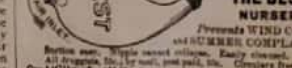
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